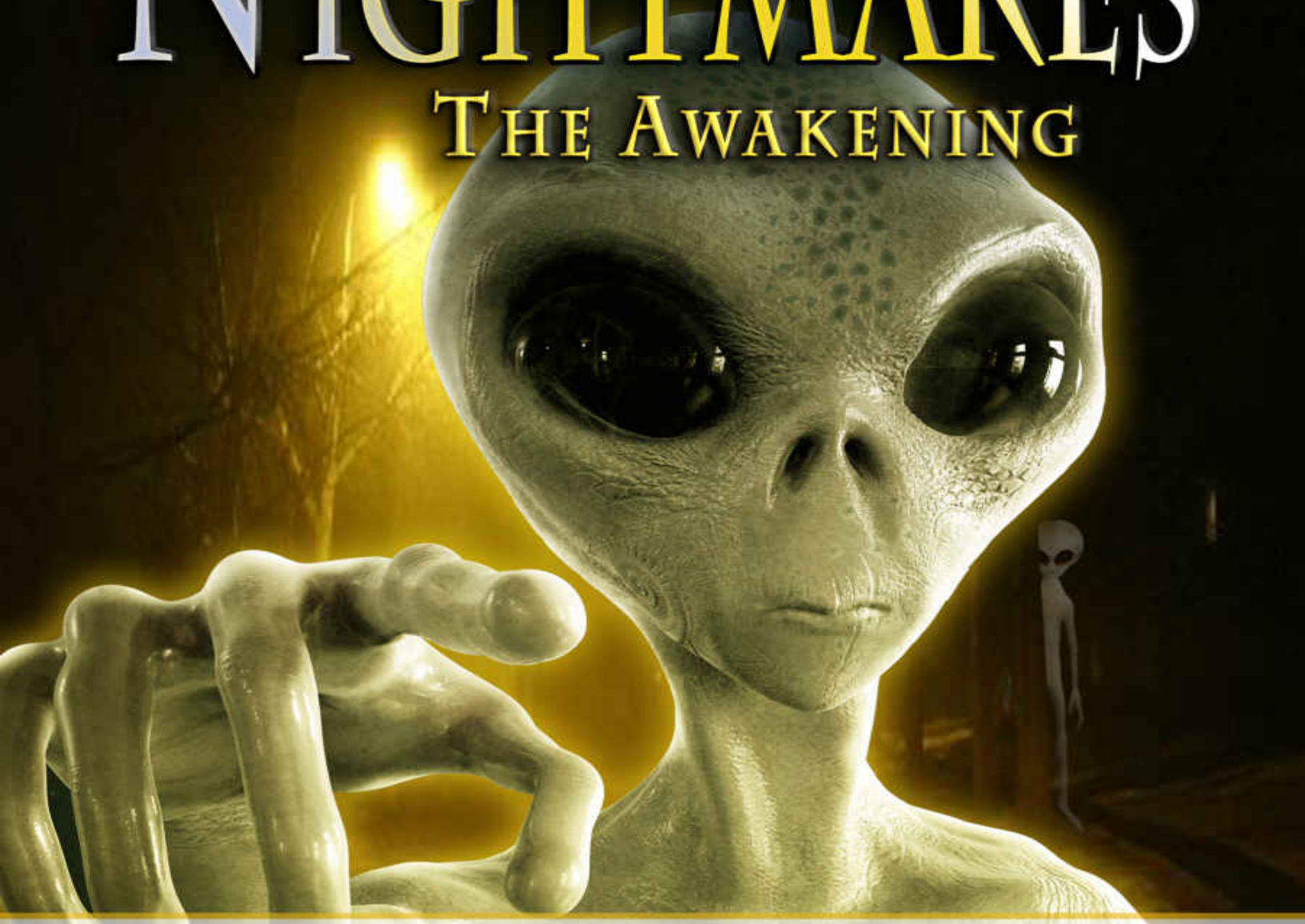
Alien Nightmares

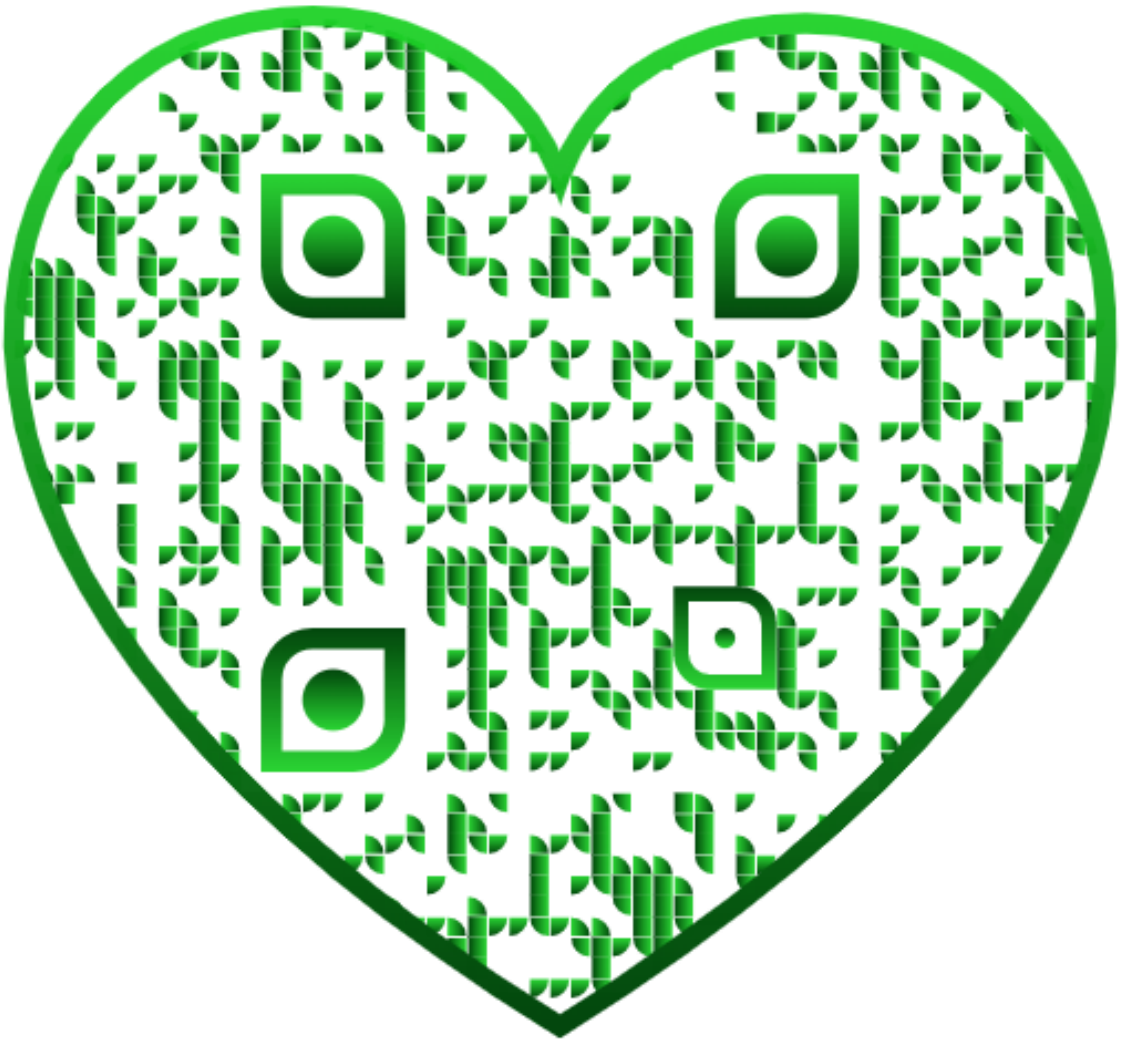
A True Story

The Awakening



Screen Memories of UFO Alien Abductions

Sharon Delarose



Alien Nightmares: Screen Memories of UFO Alien Abductions

by Sharon Delarose

Journey with me into Alien Nightmares full of the dreams, memories, and vivid imagery which led me to believe that extraterrestrials had come calling.

I lived in an extraordinary world full of terrifying creatures, whirlwinds, bizarre tasks and puzzles, and night visitors who took me then left me feeling drugged. UFOs flew in and out of my dreams for decades and I'd wake up knowing that this dream was not like the others, especially when they left me utterly terrified. There was no such thing as a safe place and I knew it.

Who were they? What did they want? Remember the old saying, "Judge not, lest ye be judged?" Well it's coming home to roost and it's riding in on a UFO. Are the aliens the antichrist that the Bible warns of? Or are they our lifeboats to a brave new world? Do they bring a message of empowerment, or are we just rats in a maze? Whoever they are, one thing is certain: We cannot handle their truth.

If you are a believer, you'll see screen memories from an abductee. If you are a skeptic, you'll see a child with a big imagination and an adult who experiences extraordinarily vivid dreams. Either way, God help you if the dreams ever come and visit you...

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Prologue

They can make you see things, override your memory, do whatever they want to you, and there's not a damn thing you can do about it. They can make you believe that their presence is just a bad dream, one that doesn't match what really happened. All you are left with are false memories and nightmares. For this reason, very few abductees ever realize that they were even abducted. Could your dreams be more significant than you realize?

When I discovered that a dream I had at 34 years old was actually a resurfacing memory from when I was 2 years old, and I was able to corroborate the events with both a witness to the original event and to a newspaper clipping, I finally grasped the reality behind the dreams which I had so meticulously logged. If this dream was a genuine memory, how many of the other dreams were also memories of real events?

UFOs and extraterrestrials flew in and out of my dreams for decades, starting in early childhood. I lived in an extraordinary world full of terrifying creatures, whirlwinds, bizarre tasks and puzzles, and night visitors who took me against my will and then left me feeling drugged. There was no such thing as a safe place to hide and I knew it. Even on vacation, they found me.

I do not possess a single "waking memory" of an alien abduction. What I remember are incredibly vivid UFO dreams and the terror that those "dreams" left me with. While I refer to them as dreams, it may be more appropriate to call them screen memories of repeated UFO abductions, which is what I now believe them to be.

Screen memories are false memories that overwrite actual events which, if remembered, would be highly traumatic. Some UFO researchers refer to screen memories as "merciful amnesia."

Screen memories make it possible to have a lifetime of alien abduction experiences and not be aware that you were ever abducted. All you are left with is a jumble of bizarre memories, vivid dreams, and seemingly irrational fears. You may remember seeing or dreaming about bright lights, UFOs, monsters, floating in the air, or being paralyzed. My dreams took me

far beyond that into another world which was sometimes beautiful and other times terrifying.

Many alien abductions occur at night, which allows the truth to be hidden under the guise of a dream. Such dreams are incredibly vivid and you wake up knowing that somehow, this dream was not like the others. Even without being aware that you were abducted you wake up feeling sheer, utter terror which can haunt you for a lifetime.

Such is the curse of post traumatic stress disorder which plagues those who've experienced a major traumatic event or series of events. Battle-worn soldiers, rape victims, accident victims, prisoners of war, and even children who've been bullied may be haunted by flashbacks and nightmares, reliving their experiences over and over. The nightmares are often a combination of actual memories interspersed with ordinary dreams, making it difficult to separate dreams from reality.

So what manner of nightmares haunt alien abductees? What sort of flashbacks do you relive if you've been repeatedly abducted by aliens in UFOs?

For me it started with a whirlwind dream which was totally nonsensical and yet became one of my smoking guns - it linked my dreams to reality in a very physical way. I do not remember feeling terror on those nights when the whirlwind dream came, but every other night was full of terror, especially when the dreams included monsters such as a frightening creature which I nicknamed the Skeleton Monster. This entity bore a striking resemblance to the alien Greys and it came to me several times prior to my 10th birthday.

I attributed the dreams to being a child with a vivid imagination, believing that I was simply plagued with nightmares of nonsense. When the alien Greys became household images decades later, I remembered my childhood Skeleton Monster and began to put the pieces together. I had already discovered that one dream was a resurfacing memory, could the alien monster dreams also be memories?

Another piece fell into place when I realized that waking from bizarre dreams feeling drugged wasn't normal, especially when it had been happening since early childhood. I began to see the pattern left behind by the alien visitors. What you are about to read are the clues I've put together, the remnants of what I do remember, and the vivid imagery which led me to the conclusion that extraterrestrials had come calling.

I have not contacted any UFO researchers, nor have I ever been regressed. What's more, I'm not sure I'd want to remember additional details. Would remembering yank that blessed screen of forgetfulness away, leaving me lying awake in terror as I once was? I believe that I've reached an age where I am no longer of interest to them, and from which the night terror can fade into long ago memories that do not haunt me as they once did. On the other hand, the curiosity is compelling.

Whether this book ends a journey or begins a new one, I cannot predict.

Flying Saucer in My Back Yard

This particular dream was extremely vivid and it came when I was 35 years old, but the house involved was my childhood home. I lived in that house from age 6 through age 13 in the 1960s.

The dream referred to the craft as being a "flying saucer" instead of a UFO. "Flying saucer" was the expression used throughout the 1950s and 1960s. For me to use the 1960s terminology in the dream itself, and dream about the house I lived in during the 1960s, makes me suspect a resurfacing memory, especially once I'd discovered that other dreams were resurfacing memories. Even the slang in the dream denotes the 60s using "neat" instead of "cool" along with the mention of a black light.

Flying saucer in my back yard: I looked out my 2nd floor bedroom window and saw a flying saucer hovering at window level. Neat! I want to go outside!

There was a whirring sound and the flying saucer landed in my back yard. It was a whitish silver color - a milky silver - and it was shaped like two inverted saucers. The flying saucer lent an unearthly feel to everything surrounding it.

I started to go outside but stopped. I wasn't ready to go yet. If I went to the flying saucer it would take me away and there was something I needed to do first. I

went back inside to do it, and to tell my mom I was leaving. I don't remember her reaction but it may have been matter-of-fact.

In the back yard where the saucer had landed, there was a grapevine growing along the entire fence that separated us from our neighbor's house, and it must have been fall because the grapes were ripe and full.

In the flash of an eye the flying saucer was gone. I could see it in the distance over a city off to the right. The flying saucer put on quite a show in the sky which consisted of geometrical patterns similar to crop circles hanging over the horizon. The patterns moved around and I wondered what was going on.

In my back yard, the flying saucer had left behind a glowing set of concentric circles near the weeping willow tree. I wanted to go out and see the glowing circles. I very much wanted to touch them but I was afraid. The whole back yard had an otherworldly feel and the very air was different.

The air itself seemed to glow, kind of like what you experience with a black light in a room full of black light posters, only in a milky-silver-white color instead of purple. It was as if the air itself were a milky-silver color. It was spooky.

I knew that alien beings were in the flying saucer but I wasn't sure what type of beings and that spooked me, too. I expected the mushroom-skinned aliens such as my Skeleton Monster.

I'd been very excited to go into the saucer until it came, and I realized that if I went away with it I'd never come back. It was scary not knowing where I'd be going, and it was scary leaving my mom.

It took a long time to "wake up" from this dream and it felt vividly real. The details were incredible with the air itself having been changed and the crop circles in the back yard. The milky-silver color of both the UFO and the air around it was important. I do not know why, but I do know that it was somehow important.

I felt no fear initially and had been eager to go to the UFO, unlike many later dreams where I'd not wanted to go. That I'd described the grapes as being ripe is another detail that lends credence to this being a memory rather than a dream. My childhood back yard did indeed have a weeping willow tree and my bedroom was at the back of the house on the 2nd floor, putting the dream in perfect harmony with my childhood home.

The odd reference to extraterrestrials who were NOT the same as my mushroom-skinned Skeleton Monster stands out, though I'm not sure what

to make of it. Apparently I was not afraid of the mushroom-skinned aliens, but I was afraid of some other type of alien.

Having a matter-of-fact discussion with my mom was a bit of a stretch, however. I do NOT remember my mother as ever believing in anything out of the ordinary. She shunned anything that did not fit in with her concept of a solid, middle class life.

While it isn't possible to pinpoint a date for the original event if this was indeed a resurfacing memory, it would have occurred between 1963 and 1970 in Rochester, New York. The reference to ripe grapes narrows it down to August, September or October. As the hottest known UFO activity in the area occurred from 1965-1967, these are the most likely years for a UFO "visit" putting me between 8 and 10 years old. The dream is pretty specific in that it was not my first encounter.

The year 1965 coincides with a major UFO event in New York State. While the event occurred in November long after the grape season had ended, if UFOs were indeed involved as many suspected, it would suggest that UFOs could have been active in the area during the fall of that year as well.

On November 9, 1965, a massive power blackout known as the Big Blackout occurred for several hours which encompassed the entire states of New York, Vermont, Massachusetts, Maine, New Hampshire, Connecticut, and portions of Canada.

Just before the power went dead there were numerous UFO sightings including one directly over the Sir Adam Beck power plant in Ontario, Canada, and another over the Niagara Falls power station in New York. Sightings were reported by hundreds of people including airline pilots as well as the Deputy Aviation Commissioner of Syracuse. Newspapers across the northeast were flooded with calls reporting UFOs. The Syracuse Herald-Journal alone received over a hundred reports. Even after the blackout, witnesses were spellbound by the UFO activity in the skies.

Allegedly, the U.S. military was aware of the UFO presence 45 minutes prior to the blackout. Two commercial airline pilots saw military jets chasing disc-shaped objects over Pennsylvania. As expected, the "official" statement came down offering a scientific explanation for the blackout which discredited the UFO connection in spite of the many witnesses.

1965 was also the year of the Kecksburg, Pennsylvania UFO incident a month later on December 9, 1965. Thousands of witnesses across the northeast saw a giant fireball streak across the sky. Residents of several states including Ohio, New York, Pennsylvania, and Michigan, in addition to Ontario, Canada saw the fireball which was initially reported as a meteorite, though many believed they were seeing a plane going down in flames.

Kecksburg, Pennsylvania was the reputed location where the object went down and crashed, signaling its location with a beacon of blue smoke rising from the crash site - an event which was seen by several residents. Shortly after the crash, a second UFO hovered over the crash site. Those who saw the final descent described an object that appeared to be guiding itself around ridges and attempting to gain altitude.

Searchers found an object the size of a small car in the shape of an acorn, with hieroglyphic writing around its lower edge. The military came and secured the area, later stating that nothing was found there. The "nothing" that they "didn't find" was hauled away under a tarp on a flatbed truck and explained away in typical official manner.

John Murphy, a local reporter who'd been on the scene before the military arrived, had taken photos and interviewed witnesses. The photos were summarily seized but Murphy was unwilling to let the incident die peacefully. He scheduled a radio documentary featuring the interviews but before it could air, two men-in-black paid him a visit and he postponed the show, later airing a very different version than originally planned.

Murphy gave up his investigation into the case doing a complete about-face, and walked away from what had been his obsession. He became despondent and refused all discussion of the event until three years later, when he was killed by a hit-and-run driver while crossing the road.

In June 1966 which was 6 months after the Kecksburg crash, a former RCAF pilot spotted a UFO over Lake Ontario, which is 20 miles from Rochester, New York. The pilot and a friend were boating when they saw lights on the water and went to investigate. When they got within a mile, the lights rose up making both a humming and swishing sound. It was a disc encircled with bright yellow lights on the upper portion, blue-green lights around the lower portion, and it had a dome on top. The UFO hovered briefly, then took off at high speed and disappeared. A month later an FCC engineer spotted a UFO over Canandaigua Lake just 31 miles away.

August/September 1967 brought a barrage of Rochester area UFO sightings in Henrietta, Churchville, and Pultneyville which are 7, 14, and 23 miles away from Rochester respectively. These would coincide with grapes ripening on the vine.

Across Lake Ontario in Toronto, Canada, 5 policemen spotted a UFO in September 1967 which moved at low altitude over the highway in front of a pursuing police car. The object stopped suddenly, veered, and accelerated away according to the Toronto Telegram, a daily newspaper which was considered conservative. This was not a tabloid-type newspaper.

Nearby cities also had sightings including Barrie, Ontario and both Rochester and Syracuse, New York. In addition, on September 14/15 there was a sighting in "western New York" which was reported by a member of the military.

The next most significant event was in Ithaca, New York where over a thousand UFO sightings occurred in 1967-1968 and included actual alien encounters. Ithaca was a mere 75 miles away from Rochester.

UFO enthusiasts categorize a large number of sightings concentrated in one place as a "flap." The rash of sightings around Ithaca became known as the "Great Ithaca Flap."

Here I was living in the house where I "dreamed" of a UFO landing in the back yard. I was a child experiencing the Skeleton Monster and Whirlwind dreams right in the middle of the hottest UFO activity imaginable: The Big Blackout of 1965, the Kecksburg crash of 1965, the scattering of local UFO reports in 1966 from credible witnesses, and the Great Ithaca Flap of New York in 1967-1968 all of which perfectly coincided with my bizarre childhood "dreams."

Skeleton Monster

One childhood nocturnal visitor was the Skeleton Monster. He did not come in conjunction with the recurring Whirlwind dreams; he came in-between. Where the Whirlwind dreams came calling dozens of times over 20 years, the Skeleton Monster came only a handful of times that I remembered. This creature visited me in the 1960s during the same time span as the back yard UFO dream.

Today we live in an era dominated by television, movies and the internet where extraterrestrials roam the skies, Roswell and Area 51 are popular tourist attractions, and everybody knows what the space aliens are reputed to look like.

Back in the 60s, however, we did not have computers or the internet. There was no such thing as cable or satellite television, and nobody in our circle was talking about space aliens. Our world was small and limited.

Many women did not drive a car or even possess a driver's license. Cell phones had not been invented. We had a single phone with a cord and a dial pad, and many families shared a party line with their neighbors. That meant that 2-3 houses shared a single phone line and if you picked up the phone when your neighbor was using it, you could hear his conversation as if you were on a conference call.

Television boasted only three channels. It was in the living room for the whole family to share, it was black and white, and programming went off the air around 2 a.m. In the wee hours of the night all you got was loud static.

The science fiction on TV was hokey and it focused on robots such as B-9 in *Lost in Space*, or the human-like aliens in *The Invaders* or *My Favorite Martian*. As aliens were depicted by human actors, even an attempt to make one similar to a Grey would have failed. Our news came from local sources and did not include images of alien Greys, so to be a child dreaming about such a creature was significant.

The Skeleton Monster who haunted me was thin like a skeleton so that's how my young brain interpreted it. The creature had light-colored skin that reminded me of a mushroom - not a warty or fluted mushroom but a smooth one. I cannot remember if the skin appeared to be wet and shiny, or dry and dull. For some reason losing that detail bothers me.

The creature had an overlarge, skeleton-like head with big black eyes, no hair, a small mouth, and I do not recall seeing ears, a nose, or teeth. Red and blue veins crisscrossed its face and head. The lower part of its face was narrower than the top; otherwise it was as if you'd taken a skeleton and covered it with the skin of a mushroom.

This creature came to me several times but only once do I remember the event enough to describe it. Like the Whirlwind dreams, what happened defies logic.

Skeleton monster: I was somewhere between five and ten years old. We were vacationing at a cottage at Canandaigua Lake, which is one of the Finger Lakes in upstate New York. At the cottage were me, Mom and Dad, my cousin Abby, and her family. Abby and I were the same age and spent a lot of time together growing up.

Everyone was asleep so it must have been nighttime. I was lying on a couch in a finished basement near the bottom of a stairway. Under the stairway was a door.

The door opened about a foot and a half and the Skeleton Monster came out. It leaned over me until its face was inches from my own, opened its mouth and forcibly

breathed on me. Imagine breathing in as deeply as you can, and then forcing the air out with a loud sound as if emitting a disgusted sigh. That was the sound the creature made when it breathed on me. The next thing I remember, I was waking up the next morning.

Twenty years later I had a dream reminiscent of the Skeleton Monster dream, where again something breathed on me. In the latter dream I saw strange lights and UFOs and was pointing them out to someone, when an entity breathed on me. I didn't remember much else but it was significant in that one odd detail.

When I started cross-referencing some of these dreams to reported UFO events, a pattern began to emerge - a pattern that converged with known UFO sightings. Apparently the Finger Lakes were a hot spot of UFO activity during the 1960s - the precise era when I was experiencing the Skeleton Monster dreams while vacationing there as a child!

New York's Finger Lakes are made up of several lakes including Canandaigua, Conesus, Seneca, Cayuga, Honeoye, Hemlock, Keuka, and others. The city of Ithaca at the south end of Cayuga Lake was reputed to have over a thousand UFO sightings during a five month period in 1967-1968, according to an article on the Tompkins County Public Library website. The article stated that the sightings were documented in several official publications including the Colorado Project, the Condon Report, and Project Blue Book.

Witnesses described close encounters and it was believed that the aliens were drawn to the area by signals coming from Cornell University's nuclear particle accelerator, in addition to a radio communications link that extended all the way from New York to Puerto Rico. Crop circles were also reported.

The distance between Ithaca and the town of Canandaigua where I encountered the Skeleton Monster is 50 miles. The distance between the Great Ithaca Flap of UFO sightings and the city where I was born and raised is 75 miles - merely a footstep in space for a UFO.

In addition, others were encountering UFOs over Canandaigua Lake in particular. On July 31, 1966 at 9:30 p.m., an engineer with the Federal Communications Commission saw a UFO which he described as being three lights in a V-formation. The UFO descended with a side-by-side maneuver similar to a leaf falling.

I would have been 8 years old when his sighting occurred, which coincides perfectly with the time frame of our vacations at Canandaigua Lake and the Skeleton Monster dreams.

The Whirlwind

Throughout my childhood, teens, and into my twenties the Whirlwind dream came. As a child it came 3-4 times a year. During my teens it came 2-3 times a year. As the teen years rolled into the twenties it came less and less frequently at twice a year, then once a year, dwindling to once every other year and eventually stopping altogether. I was in my mid-twenties when the Whirlwind dream stopped though that wasn't the end of the visitations. They would come for another twenty years and culminate in a concentrated series of dreams which coincided with another period of hot UFO activity.

The Whirlwind dream was always variations of the same theme and I woke feeling very strange, as if I'd been drugged. In addition, I would occasionally wake up with bouts of the drugged feeling after other dreams.

The Whirlwind: I was standing in the center of a bare room - perfectly square and totally devoid of furniture, windows, doors, wallhangings, or decoration of any kind. There did not appear to be a way in or out.

Just below the ceiling, hugging the wall as it made a circle around the room, was an unknown object or entity. It was circling so fast that I couldn't see what it was; I could only see the movement. As it circled, which it did throughout the

dream, it made a very gradual descent down the wall. I felt both the speed and slowness, creating an odd sensation.

At the base of the wall was another circling object, this one circling very slowly. In spite of the slow movement, I still couldn't see the object to be able to describe or identify it. I could see the movement, but not what was causing the movement. As it circled, it moved up the wall toward the other circling object. I thought that I might have heard a whooshing sound but I wasn't certain.

Then the dream gets truly bizarre. I cannot even begin to offer an explanation for what happens next. It is totally nonsensical and if it weren't for the frequency of the dream, and the drugged feeling that always came after, I would have dismissed it as pure fancy.

In the middle of the room was a giant loaf of sliced bread. The loaf towered over my head and I was supposed to move the slices of bread from one place to another. It was urgent that I finish the task before the two circling objects met. If the objects collided it would trigger a great disaster. I felt the overpowering sense of impending doom should I fail to accomplish the strange task given to me.

I didn't know what would happen if I succeeded in moving all the bread, or whether achieving the goal would prevent the objects from colliding. I do not recall ever finishing the task, nor do I recall the two objects ever colliding in spite of having variations of this dream an estimated 50 times. I always woke up before the objects actually collided.

In remembering the sense that the dreams left me with, I realized that the concept was similar to a clock where the second hand moves quickly, while the minute and hour hands move slow enough that the movement is almost imperceptible. Like a clock, the movement of the circling objects acted as a timer. Was this an alien rendition of time passing?

Alternately, I've wondered if the spinning sensation and movement upwards and downwards were actually my being pulled up into an alien craft and brought down again.

The drugged feeling afterwards: This was my smoking gun. This is what set the dreams apart and made them hard to dismiss as pure fancy - the drugged feeling that followed *every single* Whirlwind dream throughout the years, and occasionally other dreams as well. Keep in mind that this started in early childhood and continued for twenty years.

I woke feeling very strange and tingly all over. My entire body felt bloated, but not like when you have gas or PMS. It was like being a balloon

where someone had blown me up to 3-4 times my normal size. My fingers felt as big as hot dogs. My lips felt thick and swollen. In addition, my body felt heavy as if it were denser than normal, and it seemed to press deep down into the mattress as if it were a heavy weight.

In direct contradiction to the heavy-weight feeling, I felt as if I could float up off the bed like a helium balloon, though I did not levitate as far as I know. I was always content to lie there until the feeling faded away which took about a half hour, and possibly as long as forty five minutes. I do not remember ever trying to get up immediately after one of those dreams.

The recurring dream followed by the drugged feeling did not trigger a warning bell. It wasn't new or unexpected and I'd shrug it off thinking, "Oh, it's this again." I'd experienced it since early childhood and had lost all fear. I knew that the strange feeling would pass and that I'd be fine.

I could only find two versions of the Whirlwind dream in my handwritten diaries. Here is a different version which must have been at nineteen or early twenties based on the reference to how often the dream came and living on my own.

The Whirlwind revisited: Everything started spinning around me and I couldn't stay on my feet. I couldn't see or think clearly. I collapsed onto a chair, dazed.

When the dazed feeling passed I realized that I was no longer in my home; I was somewhere else. I got up and walked to the middle of the room and just stood there looking around. The room was greyish-white and there were no windows. The door blended in with the walls so perfectly that I could not see it. I'm not sure how I knew that a door existed, or if I just assumed that there must be a door.

I held something in my arms. Had I been holding it when I "came to" or had it just appeared in my arms as I stood there? I do not know. I did not describe the object or identify it when I later wrote the dream down, though I did make reference to its size.

The object was much bigger than me and I had to put it down as holding the object was awkward. Piece by piece I had to carry it to one corner of the room. I do not know why.

There was a time limit to finish the task which was connected to the two objects circling the room. One object started at the top of the wall, spinning very fast around the room in circles. At the same time, it moved slowly down the wall. The other object started at the bottom of the wall and also circled the room.

There was an oddness about the speed of the second object. It looked like it was moving really fast but I knew that it was moving slowly. I cannot explain the

discrepancy. It's like when you are watching a cartoon where the character is moving so fast that all you can see are the lines that denote his movement, whether in straight lines or a whirlwind. What I was witnessing in that room was the same concept.

The second object traveled slowly up the wall as it circled the room. Eventually the two objects would meet but they always passed each other. I knew that if they ever collided something terrible would happen to me but I did not know specifically what.

In this version there was a third object going around the room as well, moving very slowly. Unlike the other two objects which continually circled the room, this object would make only one circle. This was the timer and when it went around the room once, my time would be up.

I started my task of moving the object that was in the center of the room. Piece by piece I moved it to the corner. I was half finished when my insides went ice cold and I could feel my stomach knotting and twisting.

Everything slowly stopped spinning. I opened my eyes, looked around and I was sitting in the chair of my living room again. Sunlight was coming in the window. An entire night had passed and it was now morning. It was over and I knew that I would not have to relive the experience again for another year.

In this version, the spinning started while I was still in my house. Apparently I was standing up when it began and fell back into a chair as if I couldn't stay on my feet, at the same time experiencing a state of disorientation. When the disorientation passed, I wasn't at home anymore; I was somewhere else - in a room with no windows or doors that I'd visited dozens of times before and was familiar with.

Then came the strange task to perform and before I could finish, my insides went cold and my stomach knotted up. Everything slowly stopped spinning and I opened my eyes to find myself back in my living room the next morning. An interesting note is that I called it an "experience" rather than a "dream" making the distinction without even giving it conscious thought.

As for the strange task which is as far from the typical abduction scenario as one can get, perhaps it was a training exercise much as we'd train a puppy to fetch. The act of training a puppy to run after a stick and bring it back teaches him words that we can communicate with and strengthens our bond with the puppy. Such a simple task reaches far and

beyond what you see on the surface. Was my task a form of basic training with the visitors? An exercise in communication?

Or did it go far beyond into the realm of stolen fetuses? The timing of the second version coincides perfectly with the disappearing pregnancy episodes in a later chapter.

Giant Spiders

UFO abductees rarely recall the abduction as it really happened, instead having screen memories which block out the real ones. Rather than remembering a creature such as the Skeleton Monster, you may remember an insect or animal which seems out of place such as a cow watching you through the window, or an insect as big as a small person.

Screen memories can include owls, monkeys, cows, rabbits, deer, wolves, dogs, cats, clowns, raccoons, snakes, insects, and even people. The memories often come in the form of vivid dreams which make them hard to differentiate from an actual memory, and this is where the UFO skeptics have a field day.

Along with the Skeleton Monster, giant spiders appeared in my dreams. Oddly enough, in spite of the spider dreams I have no fear of spiders. They fascinate me and I often take photos. As the aliens are sometimes described as insect-like in their build, mannerisms and movements, insects are a common screen memory.

Giant spiders: One such dream included a HUGE spider. The back part of its body was close to two feet long, round and elongated like an ant. The body was smooth, shiny, and tortoiseshell in color with muted shades of red, yellow and brown. The spider was walking away from me and there was a smaller spider in front of it.

While the spiders didn't offer any connection to a UFO sighting other than their size, another spider dream offered a vividly chilling connection. By far the most memorable of the spider dreams involved a word. The word was "outside" and it was given over and over as if it were a command. At one point I was arguing with the command saying "I don't want to" and was told "you have to." The dream ended with sexual overtones of being with other boys and girls who were partially naked.

Commanded to go outside: Looking out my window up at the sky I saw many UFOs. They appeared to be bright white disks of light - so incredibly bright. A far galaxy was crystal clear in the night sky, as were the constellations. UFOs were darting all around. Then came the dreaded command: "Outside."

I saw an insect. A big fast insect. So big. God, what is it? So big - so black. A spider? It turned into a small dog. A scary dog. The command was insistent.

"Outside."

"I don't want to."

"You have to - Outside."

Outside there was a ledge on a hill. All the school girls went there. Inside there were other people. A girl without a shirt fell asleep on some guy's lap. She was half naked in front of everyone, asleep on his lap. She had big breasts.

So was this simply a case of vivid imagination in my dreams? Or was it a UFO screen memory of an abduction? I do not know. The dream started with seeing UFOs, followed by the command to go outside, where I encountered a scary creature, and ended up with other boys and girls who were not fully dressed.

In addition there was a reference to the creature being "so black" which is often a screen memory that depicts the blackness of the alien's eyes. This blackness occurs in many other dreams through the years, with more vivid descriptions of how the blackness feels like you're being sucked into a black hole.

The "dreaded" command to go "outside" was given over and over, and it was insistent. I did NOT want to go. The word "dreaded" implies that I'd

heard this command before. The command to go "outside" appears in quite a number of my UFO dreams which I believe is significant.

The creature itself was fast and scary and I wasn't sure what it was. At first I thought it was an insect, possibly a spider. Then it seemed to be a small dog. It's common in screen memories to see the aliens as something familiar. Despite the familiarity it scared me and I tried to say no, I didn't want to go. Apparently I failed and joined a group of people on a hill. This hill was not familiar to me in waking life and presumably I was transported there.

Then I was inside with other "girls and guys" but I did not describe the place I'd gone inside of. Girls and guys denote teens and early twenties as opposed to children or older men and women. Of the girl who was partially naked, had she been topless before she was transported? Or did this happen afterwards? She stood out as being partially naked in front of everyone, which leads me to believe that the other people were NOT naked and that she was transported that way.

Another oddity was the insistent command to go outside. I've since heard of abductions where people describe being transported through walls and ceilings. I've also heard of abductions where people were moved to be near a window and then transported through the window.

One explanation is that the aliens upgraded their technology through the years. My events took place from the 1960s through the 1980s. Even in our world, a few decades changed our mode of transportation from the horse and buggy to automobiles. We went from sending messages via telegraph and Morse code to streaming information over the internet. So much has changed in our own world; it would be no different on an alien world. They would evolve technologically and perhaps in my day they couldn't transport us out through walls.

The Man Who Comes at Night

Another dream involved a man who had apparently come to me several times in conjunction with looking up at the stars and NOT wanting to go outside. While this series of dreams references a neighbor, it is not possible that a real-life neighbor was involved because in those years I was moving frequently, and some of the moves were to other states. Whoever the man was, I was afraid of him and his arrival kickstarted quite a few of my UFO dreams.

Man at the door: I was outside looking up at the stars in the night sky. One of the stars was mine. Which one? It was that bright star in another galaxy.

A man came. He was my next door neighbor. Oh no! Must get away! Must get inside! Quick!

I ran for my house and he ran after me. I had a blanket. I ran inside and tried to hold the glass storm door closed. He was on the other side trying to push his way in. I closed the wooden interior door and locked it just in time. When he couldn't

get in, he walked away. I could see him through the window over the kitchen sink. I knew that he just went to get something and that he'd be back shortly.

My little black and white TV on the kitchen counter was turned on but no sound came from it. I tried to call 911 but the line was dead because the man had disabled it temporarily.

This had happened before. The same man had come to get me but in different locations in different dreams. He was always at other side of the door with me trying to hold the door closed. I've dreamed of this before and forgotten the details before I could write them down. What does the man want? Who is he?

While it's not uncommon for people to dream of a bad man trying to break in and get at them, the other details trigger the warning bell. First, it started with me looking up at the stars just before the bad man appeared. That seemed to be a common theme - dreams which started with a UFO sighting or looking up at the sky followed by an encounter with someone who I was afraid of.

Then there was the dead phone line and the television set which was turned on but with no sound coming from it - events which jive with UFO visitations. Finally, there was the memory that *this had happened many times before* and it was something to be afraid of. You can hear the panic when I recognized the man. "Oh no! Must get away! Must get inside! Quick!"

Mentioning a blanket was an oddity. Why did I have a blanket? Had I been yanked from my bed? Another interesting detail is the comment that one of the stars in another galaxy was mine. I actually identified with a very specific star. Why? Was this star the alien's home world? Had I been given that information at some point in the past?

Remembering previous dreams during an existing dream could indicate memories instead of dreams. This was not the only dream in which I remembered a previous dream. While I didn't always include it in my dream log, it was common. The Whirlwind dreams, the Skeleton Monster dreams, the Bad Man at the Door dreams, and others suggested a pattern of something happening over and over again.

The battle at the door with him trying to push his way in could be a screen memory for my attempt at preventing him from telepathically entering my mind, as opposed to coming through an actual door. Presumably they must enter your mind for a screen memory to occur in the

first place, unless we create our own screen memories as some psychologists believe.

Many UFO abductees have been taken repeatedly even if they do not remember it. Some may directly remember a single incident but upon researching their history, details emerge which suggest that they've been taken for years. Had I not kept such a detailed dream log and been in the habit of writing things down in general, it's unlikely that I ever would have put the pieces together. This allowed me to recreate a lifetime of odd events and connect the dots.

ET Is My Friend

This was a series of dreams or disjointed pieces of the same dream that occurred on a single night. The recurring theme was that the ET (extraterrestrial) was my friend. The friendly dreams were preceded by a "bad man at the door" dream which started with a UFO sighting. I was thirty one years old and I was NOT living with my parents contrary to what the dreams imply.

UFO sighting: I saw a genuine UFO! It really was saucer-shaped with a dome! A bright, white, blip of light - it zipped in, then zipped away, just like on TV.

Bad man at the door: I was living at my mom's house. The front door was messed up and none of the door locks worked. None of them! I got the creeps and then someone knocked on the door.

My cousin Abby was nearby wearing flannel pajamas. She got really scared and tiptoed quickly up the stairs with tears in her eyes. The man at the door was cool though. He was someone I knew. There was no reason to be afraid.

I woke up to the loud sound of someone trying to mess with the door lock but it was only a dream; I was still sleeping.

The doorbell rang in the middle of the night. Suspicious, I looked through the peephole but it was dark and I couldn't see anything, as if someone were holding their hand over the peephole. Finally the hand moved away and a voice said, "It's Abby."

I saw Abby's open door through the peephole but I could not clearly see her. I was very suspicious. Something didn't strike me right, especially about Abby's bravery at being in the hallway in the middle of the night and how wide open her door was. It struck me as being very strange.

The UFO sighting and "bad man at the door" dreams were followed by the "ET Is My friend" dream.

ET is my friend: There was an ET with a light bulb in his forehead or his chest. He was my friend. He was very happy that I'd done something though I do not recall what it was. I laid my head on his chest.

In the next segment, a little man or possibly a child created a life-sized doll with spongy mushroom skin. The doll was attached to its creator with a rope. Apparently the little man, the mushroom-skinned doll, and I were appearing on a game show.

This dream is very disjointed but it involved a replica of a house, cold items, ashtrays, Styrofoam, and a puzzle with a missing piece. We were in a contest to create a piece that would fit into and complete the puzzle. There was a flight of stairs with a huge puzzle piece either next to, or under the stairs. In the end I could not remember who won the contest.

That same little man was in the next dream and I was the little man's friend. When ET found out that me and the little man were friends, his light bulb lit up and illuminated him from the inside. Then he hugged me hard and cried. Was it something the little man gave me or taught me that told ET that I knew the little man? Now the little man was dead.

At first I was somewhat uncomfortable with the ET hug. What was the motive? In the end I accepted the hug, realizing that no motive existed but joy in the moment.

The "man at the door" dream talked about living with my mom, and mentioned my cousin Abby in her flannel pajamas as if we were having a sleepover. As children, we had many sleepovers but in adulthood, we did not see each other as I had moved to another state. Is it possible that my adult dreams were childhood memories coming to the surface?

It also mentions Abby tiptoeing up the stairs. My childhood home had stairs as did Abby's. Both of our families moved when we were in our early teens and neither of the new homes had an upstairs so again, this makes me wonder whether it was an old memory resurfacing.

Not only was I afraid, but Abby was "really scared" and she tiptoed up the stairs "with tears in her eyes." Abby had also been present in the Skeleton Monster dream during our Canandaigua Lake vacation. In waking life, Abby and I spent many vacations together at Canandaigua Lake.

The dream then talked about being woken up, only to discover that I was dreaming about waking up but hadn't really. Then came a man pretending to be someone I knew, in order to get me to open the door and let him in. The entire "bad man at the door" sequence is strange, as is the reference to "Mom's house" and not "Mom and Dad's house."

Later dreams also make reference to Mom as if there were no Dad. One theory connects the dreams to early childhood during the period after Mom had divorced my biological father and before she remarried when I was five. Another theory is that Mom was also connected to the events, possibly being abducted herself, but that Dad was not.

Allegedly abductions run in families. If Mom were still alive I'd be asking her a lot of strange questions but unfortunately, she has since passed away. I did pester her sister with questions suspecting a broader family involvement and concluded that one, possibly two other family members may have been afflicted. If it's true, they were not able to handle a lifetime of alien abductions and it literally drove them mad. As both have long since passed away, it's a theory that I won't get much sustenance for.

Neither Abby nor my mother were in the final dream segments which included an extraterrestrial, a little man or child, and a mushroom-skinned doll. People often describe the aliens as being child-sized, and the doll itself was "life-size" and had the mushroom skin that I described in the Skeleton Monster dreams, though this time I added the word "spongy" to the description.

This dream put forth the recurring message: *ET is your friend*, and in a theme reminiscent of the Whirlwind task to accomplish, this dream had a puzzle to solve.

I cannot begin to unravel the meaning behind the little man being dead, however. That's a bizarre part of the dream which makes no sense to me. I know that sounds odd in the scheme of things. Perhaps he wasn't dead but

just unconscious? I don't know. Solving a puzzle was a theme that visited my dreams on multiple occasions, as with this next dream the following year.

Something that doesn't belong: I had a three-dimensional topographical map of New York State, with brown mountains, green valleys, and blue water. The Catskill Mountains were significant but I do not know why.

I was supposed to see how many things I could find that did not belong. I found a giant crab in the water which was important.

I woke up before I could finish searching the map. I knew that the dream was important though I did not know why.

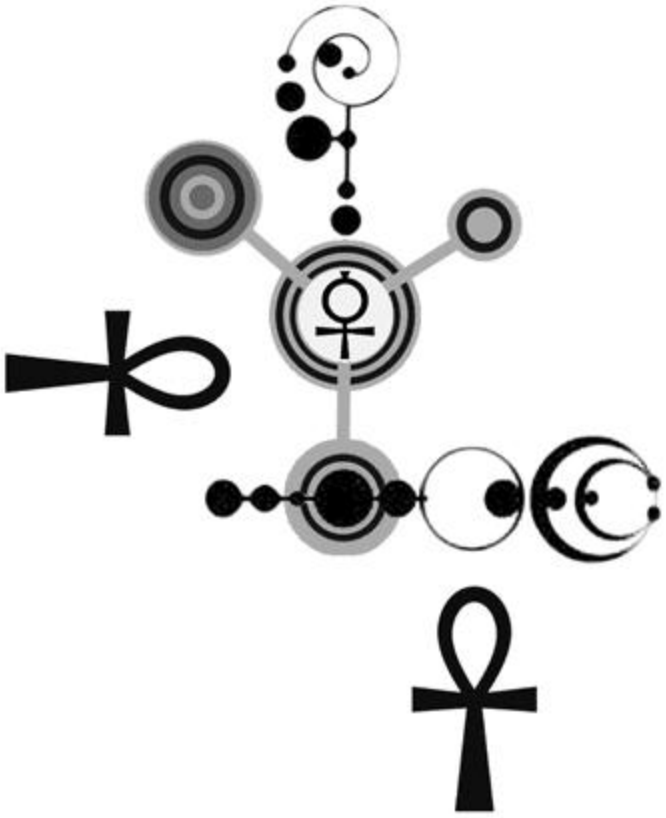
For the hundreds of dreams that had no significance, I always knew when a dream was special and flagged it as such. I later discovered that the Catskills were the location of Whitley Strieber's visitor encounters which he chronicled in a series of books beginning with *Communion* and *Transformation*.

In addition, the Hudson River flows through the Catskills and in the Hudson Valley to the south, another major UFO wave occurred from 1982-1995 with over 7000 reported sightings. In one sighting, a UFO hovered for several minutes over the Indian Point Nuclear Power Plant about 76 miles south of the Catskills, descending until it was only thirty feet over the reactor dome. The UFO also hovered over the Croton Falls Reservoir where it scanned the surface of the water with a red beam of light, and was described by one witness as being big enough to be a "flying city." Emergency channels became so overwhelmed with calls that officials were afraid that genuine emergency calls wouldn't be able to get through.

Sightings weren't limited to the Hudson Valley area of New York, however. UFOs were spotted in Connecticut, New Jersey and Pennsylvania as well. More than 60 people had close encounters of the fourth kind meaning that they were abducted, with some of them being abducted multiple times.

The official position was that a few pilots got together and decided to play a prank, one which fooled 7000 people over a period of 13 years. Just like the Gulf Breeze sightings and the Wytheville sightings twenty years later, the Hudson Valley sightings have been tucked away behind an official vail of denial.

Crop Circles in the Sky



Whereas the UFO in my back yard flew off and created shapes in the sky that were similar to crop circles, other UFO dreams also included strange visions in the sky.

Ankh in the sky: Four months after the crop circles in conjunction with a UFO landing in my back yard, I dreamt of an ankh in the sky. An ankh is a cross with an

upside-down tear shape on top. The ankh appeared to turn sideways until all you could see was a slit. I knew that it was a UFO.

Ankh is the symbol for eternal life, as well as the soul. It is sometimes called "the key of life" and in the dream, it was almost as if the ankh turning sideways was a key unlocking a lock or a door. As a teenager I was fascinated with ancient Egypt including the ankh symbol, and was told that it meant "long prosperous life and peaceful afterlife." The dream occurred when I was 35.

Note that the ankh dream used the term "UFO" rather than "flying saucer" even though it came only four months after the crop circle dream. The next dream also uses UFO and I believe it to be an actual sighting on the night of the dream rather than a resurfacing memory. It's not uncommon for people to describe UFOs as looking like moons and apparently I saw quite a few "moons" or "planets" one night.

Sky full of moon-sized disks: A few months after the ankh dream, I dreamt of another sight in the sky which I believed to be a rare alignment of planets, or planets whose proximity to Earth was suddenly much closer than normal so as to make them appear much larger to the naked eye.

A full moon was off to the right, and a satellite dish which looked just like another moon was off to the left. Near the full moon was a double star, or binary star, with two stars very close together. The dream went on to describe two other disks which were close together, and two or three additional disks which I believed to be planets.

The planet-disks were about 1/4 the size of the moon. The binary stars were 1/3 the size of the planet-disks. All of these disks were prominent in the sky, not like regular stars, and some were a reddish-peach color, while others appeared to be lavender. It was an incredibly breathtaking sight and I woke to the song *Aquarius* playing in my head.

Later that year, Santa Claus became the "cover story" for strange events in the sky. The dream took place in New York as so many of my UFO dreams did, even though I was living hundreds of miles away. The reference to searching the sky for Santa Claus could link it to a childhood memory.

Santa Claus in the sky: An incredibly vivid sunset. Stunning. We were driving as the sun was setting into crystal blue daylight and cottony white clouds.

Then the dream pans over to nighttime where I was searching for Santa Claus in the midnight sky, alongside two men. The man closest to me had reddish hair, and the other man was standing several yards away. The second man was skeptical about what we were witnessing.

We saw a wide pinkish streak travel slowly across the midnight sky and we thought surely it must be Santa Claus! Then dozens upon dozens of shooting stars appeared all across the sky. It was breathtaking.

Me and the red-haired man called out to the other man but I do not remember the conversation, except that it might have been about kids.

So the Santa Claus dream starts out with driving along and then witnessing the "sun setting" even though it's daytime. A setting sun implies a big, bright disk disappearing into the cottony white clouds. "We" implies that I was not alone - presumably I was with the red-haired man in the car though I did not specifically say so. The next thing you know it's midnight and we're outside searching the sky for Santa Claus. We skip from broad daylight to the middle of the night. Did we witness a UFO and then lose several hours of time?

I did not identify the red-haired man. I did not name him as I named others in my dreams such as Mom and Abby, though I clearly knew him in the dream. I know that my biological father had red hair when he was younger, when we were still a family and I was a young child. Was he the red-haired man? Is it possible that we were abducted together? I do not know.

For decades I took this dream at face value but as I am now in contact with my biological father I decided to ask him about it. I was not in contact with him at the time I had the "dream" and had not seen him since I was a young child, hence the inability to identify him. I've left my original interpretation intact so that you can compare my interpretation to the true events.

I was stunned to learn that this was not a dream, but an actual memory resurfacing. I had the "dream" in 1993 and the event itself took place on December 10, 1959. While he did not recall the specific date, he remembered that it was the latter part of 1959 and he knew the exact event I

was referring to. Even though I was barely past 2 years old, I had described the event almost perfectly in a dream 34 years later.

He said that three of us had indeed gone driving - he and I and his best friend, while Mom and the friend's wife stayed home. We'd gone to Cobb's Hill in Rochester which is a park with a pond, a baseball diamond, scenic trails, and a wildlife sanctuary.

The highest point offered one of the best views of the city and we had a clear view of the sky from the hill. He said that the sun was setting but it was still light out, then the sun was below the horizon and the sky was bluish-grey. Out of nowhere a giant fireball appeared in the distant sky. He said it looked like a rocket ship that was burning up and it stayed parallel to the horizon as it made its way across the sky. It lit up the entire sky, leaving a trail that looked like sparklers or shooting stars. Then it was dark.

He said it was a meteor and that the newspapers were full of it the next day. While I've not been able to find archives for the major Rochester newspapers online for 1959, I did find a blurb from The Kingston Daily Freeman printed the following day:

Friday, December 11, 1959

The Kingston Daily Freeman, Kingston, N.Y.

A three-man moonwatch team here said a brilliant blue-and-white-tailed meteorite flashed across the eastern sky Thursday night and vanished in a cloud-like explosion.

Russell E. Jenkins said the meteorite had a tail "that trailed for what seemed like several miles."

Moonwatchers Richard Karlson and Ephraim Robbins confirmed Jenkins' sighting.

Historical data shows that the sun was no more than six degrees below the horizon at 5:07 p.m., and that by 6:18 the sun might still be putting off very faint traces of light, or none at all. Both of our accounts put us there before and after sunset, giving us a time frame starting around 5 p.m. or slightly earlier, and extending at least through 6:18 and most likely later as he said it was "dark" and I referred to "the midnight sky." When I asked him how long we'd stayed after watching the meteor, or what time we'd gotten home, he did not remember.

Not only does the Santa Claus dream prove that at least some of my dreams are resurfacing memories which stay accurate to the events, but that we may indeed have encountered a UFO in conjunction with the meteor

sighting. On December 10 just after sunset, a UFO was observed 93 miles away across Lake Ontario in Barriefield, Ontario, Canada. A single, hovering, flying disc was seen at approximately 6:45 p.m. with a Vallee rating of MA1, which means that it traveled in a discontinuous trajectory involving vertical drops, maneuvers or loops.

Incidentally, the Avrocar flying disc tests which took place in Mississauga, Ontario, Canada in December 1959 could not explain a UFO sighting in Barriefield which was 178 miles away from Mississauga, though it might explain UFOs being interested in the area.

Avro Aircraft Ltd. of Canada had been working on a top-secret aircraft that resembled a flying saucer in conjunction with the U.S. military. The craft was designed by John Carver Meadows Frost who joined Avro in June 1947, the same month as the Roswell, New Mexico UFO crash. Flight tests were halted on December 5, 1959 and work on the Avrocar was completely abandoned in 1961 as they'd been unable to get it to fly more than a few feet off the ground, and even that with many difficulties.

One month after the Santa Claus dream I had another UFO dream, not quite as dramatic but which also included a UFO skeptic.

UFOs and insects: I dreamt that I'd written my dreams down already, so I did not immediately write them down when I woke up as I normally do and ended up losing quite a few of the details.

A UFO skeptic and I were watching several UFOs in the sky, each of which looked like three dots in a triangle. The UFOs were far away so they didn't jump right out as being UFOs. There was much more to this dream now forgotten and all that's left are bits and pieces.

I was outside in the yard when it started to rain. I picked a giant mayapple leaf that was shaped like an umbrella and I held it over my head to shield me from the rain. The scene was like something out of a child's story book, with either me being as small as a bug under a leaf, or the leaf being gigantic. The mayapple leaf was purplish in color and had bugs on it. The idea of using the mayapple leaf as an umbrella was really cool and I wondered if this was what our ancestors used to stay dry when it rained.

The next segment took place in an amusement park. People were falling off the big rides and getting seriously injured. I watched as they fell off the roller coaster and the Ferris wheel. Several people were badly hurt. In spite of the dangers that I was witnessing, I still wanted to go on the milder rides.

I really don't know what to make of this dream. Like many others it began with a UFO sighting but from there it became nonsensical. While it did include bugs which are sometimes used as a screen memory for the aliens, I cannot offer an explanation for the rest of it. There were mayapples growing next to the house I was living in at the time and they did fascinate me, but I hadn't been to an amusement park in decades.

I believe that the Sky Full of Disks represented an actual UFO sighting at the time of the dream, and that the Santa Claus dream was the memory of an actual childhood event. The third dream, however, felt more like just a dream. Nothing set it apart as a potential screen memory in spite of the reference to UFOs. Perhaps if I'd remembered the missing portions, I'd come to a different conclusion.

Swarm of UFOs

At some point my UFO dreams evolved from tasks and puzzles into more thought-provoking concepts in conjunction with end-of-the-world scenarios.

Swarm of UFOs after an earthquake: Small UFOs were darting all around, low to the ground, like a swarm of bees buzzing around my head. The sidewalk had buckled in several places as if thrust upward by an earthquake. While I do not recall any other details of the dream, it did take place on my childhood street - the house where the UFO landed in my back yard and turned the very air into a milky-silver color.

The power within us: On the night following the Santa Claus dream, I dreamt that a man I knew was standing in the doorway of my bedroom and I was uncomfortable with his presence. What did he want?

Through the window I saw a UFO. Wow! I was actually witnessing a real UFO! I'd always wondered how sure a person would be and for me, there was no doubt about it. I was so excited. "Come look! Wow! Neat! Incredible!"

Then I saw a UFO on the ground. It was very small, about a foot in diameter. It was the stereotypical saucer shape with a clear dome. I went outside for a closer look. Apparently the fear of going outside didn't apply to this dream.

It had been raining. The ground was still damp and a toad hopped across the driveway. I stopped for a moment to look at the toad as I did not often see them, but I didn't bother the toad.

I crept up to the UFO wondering where its occupants were. Oddly enough I did not wonder about the small size. Suddenly the sky was full of UFOs. They were everywhere and some were landing. I was barefoot and tried hard not to step anywhere that a UFO had landed, lest I step in radioactive gook or something.

At some point my cat had gotten wedged in between the inner and outer window of our house. Then the dream switched to me being in a house with other people, particularly two good-looking guys who I wanted to hang out with. I was dressed in men's beige pants that were so big they were almost to the top of my breasts. I was self-conscious of how I was dressed as I looked ridiculous.

The head of the house was asking for volunteers, which struck me as odd since we were all volunteers. I wanted to volunteer as it meant spending time with the two hotties.

I'm not sure if the next segment was what I'd volunteered for, but I was in a bookstore full of books and had chosen the section where the antique books were. A lady wearing a ghost outfit was talking about empowerment.

I had found a book about a man who empowered the paternal spirit within us all, and that spirit in turn empowered us. The ghost-woman pulled out a different book which explained that we did not need to be externally empowered, that the power was already within us. I already knew that.

We'd all been brainwashed since birth and we did not know how to access our own power. Because of our lack of knowledge, we needed help in learning how to access and use the power that we possessed.

The dream mentioned that it had been raining along with spotting a toad. Seeing the toad was a happy moment as I've always considered toads to be really cool, cute, fascinating creatures. As a child I preferred to catch toads than to play with dolls, which I absolutely hated, so the toad would not have symbolized something which I considered evil. Toads would make a good screen memory to block the aliens' true appearance and lure me somewhere, as the first thing I'd do upon seeing a toad would be to follow it.

I was outside in my bare feet just after it rained looking at the toad and the UFO which had landed, when suddenly UFOs appeared all around me in a swarm that seemed to fill the sky. Was the reference to being barefooted after a rainstorm another clue that I'd gone outside in reality, rather than just dreamed it? Apparently it was a big enough deal in the "dream" to worry about where I was stepping.

At some point one of my cats gets wedged in the window, whether before or after I was outside is unknown. It's the only mention of the cats and it was important enough to remember after the fact. In addition, it was a truly bizarre detail to appear in the middle of the dream, just after seeing a UFO and before finding myself someplace else.

How my cat would get wedged between the inner and outer windows was a definite anomaly. Why would I dream such a thing? Were the extraterrestrials attempting to transport him and he got stuck there? Were the aliens now experimenting with transporting us through windows? Were my cats being abducted right along with me? They were always very close to me in real life, so an attempt to transport me could easily snag a cat as well. Other dreams where I'd encountered rows of cats and dogs in cages would suggest that it's possible.

Then the dream shifts to a different scenario as if I'm there to learn an important lesson. Whereas previous dreams involved solving puzzles and ETs being our friends, this dream took the encounter to a whole new level - one that offered a personal message of empowerment for all of humanity from "a lady wearing a ghost outfit." Oh I wish I'd provided a more detailed description of that lady! A ghost outfit would imply that she was wearing a flowing, white, floor-length outfit with big, dark eyeholes. Whether that was the description, I do not know. Big dark eyeholes would be the most significant aspect, however. Whatever the case, she was wearing a disguise or costume which hid her true appearance.

Apparently this ghost-lady was imparting an important lesson to a group of us. We are born with some sort of power within us but we've all been brainwashed since birth and do not know how to access that power. Consequently, we need someone to teach us how to access the power which we all possess.

This message appears in several of my UFO dreams and it was a message that I brought forth into waking life, taking great interest in the subject and studying it as best I could. Later chapters include examples that I found of people using their minds to affect their reality, and references from some of the more acceptable teachers that have put forth this same concept through the millennia.

Wind, Tunnels, and Buzzing

Buzzing bees were prominent in two of my dreams, and affected a mention in others. To hear a buzzing sound or a swarm of bees is not uncommon for UFO abductees. These buzzing bee dreams occurred two weeks apart. More interesting than the actual dream is what happened after I woke up.

Tunnels, buzzing, and blinking lights: A brown-haired man was chasing me through train tunnels which were 1/8 of a mile long. In between each tunnel was 1/4 of a mile of open space.

Whenever a train came along we had to stop the chase and get out of the way. He was in one tunnel and I was in the tunnel behind his. It was daytime and off to the right were some trees where I could hide.

A train came and I ducked into a side door of the tunnel. He came out his door and looked around hoping to spot me. He knew I was behind him though I was hidden from view.

I was thinking to run into the trees the next time he went into his tunnel, and then circle around in front of him and skedaddle. Just as I was mapping out my

escape plan, I heard a faint buzzing like a faraway bee. The buzzing grew louder as I rose up out of the depths of my sleep.

Lying semi-awake in bed, the buzzing grew louder and hovered over my boyfriend's chest. He jerked slightly as if it had bitten him, and then it buzzed down to my feet. It landed on my left foot and bit me! Then it buzzed away through the living room and down the hallway, blinking twice like a firefly.

Why aren't the cats chasing it? And what the hell? Fireflies don't bite! By then I was wide awake.

Looking out the window I saw that it was the first glimpse of dawn where the sky is halfway between night and day. This was meant to wake me up. But who? And why? I pondered the future. I wondered if "the Rapture" could come heralded by an insect. It could sneak up without warning and I must learn to listen lest I not hear when I am called to go.

I woke to an odd buzzing insect that blinked like a firefly and stung like a bee. I was semi-awake to awake when it flew through the living room and down the hall, blinking twice like a firefly. I do not understand this. I couldn't see down the hall or into the living room from bed, so how did I know where it went unless I saw it blink before it left the room and then made assumptions about its location from the sound of the buzzing? I found it odd that the cats weren't chasing it. Normally they would have been all over a buzzy, flying insect. In addition, fireflies do not bite or sting, adding to the shroud of mystery surrounding this strange visitor.

Once awake, I was thinking about the Rapture which apparently I believed you could miss out on if you weren't paying attention. Another reference to the Rapture occurred on a different night where I actually did miss my chance, though not in the following dream which took place two weeks later.

Great wind, bees, paralysis, fear: This was a long nonsensical dream which I won't detail except to mention that "there'd been a great wind last night." I'd been with a lot of people and they'd all drifted out of the room, and then were just simply GONE, leaving me completely alone. I looked for the people but couldn't find them.

Then came the bees. Hornets were landing all over me and stinging. I flapped my arms and started to fly up off the ground but knew I couldn't go very far because my legs were too heavy. I quickly landed and my legs bowed up under me. They wouldn't

work to let me walk back into the house. A lady was there; why weren't the bees getting on her?

I remember at nighttime pulling all the shades down, afraid, so that no bad men could see in. Felt very alone and very afraid.

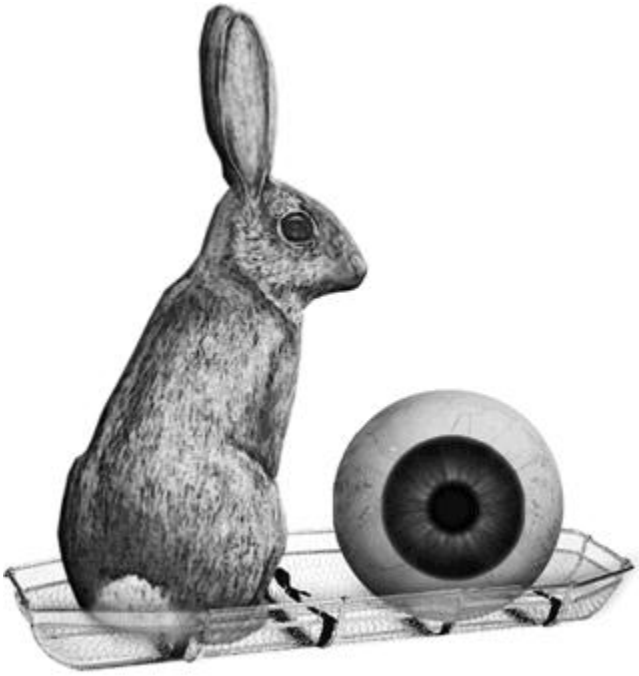
So here's a dream which starts out with a great wind and bees all over me stinging, along with the inability to walk to get away. It ended leaving me with the terrifying night fears of the windows and bad men looking in. The strange dreams often left me with intense night fears.

Alien abductees who either remember being aboard a UFO or who've been regressed back into the memory often report on painful medical procedures that involve being poked and prodded with sharp instruments. Covering such an experience with a screen memory of stinging bees is apparently fairly common.

In addition, my attempts to escape the "stinging bees" were unsuccessful because I could not fly or walk, which indicates paralysis - which is exactly what you experience lying on a table in a UFO being poked and prodded.

Waking up deathly afraid of the windows and bad men outside pretty much clinches this one as being a screen memory of a terrifying abduction experience.

The Operation



Where many abductees recall lying on a medical table in a room full of aliens, I have no such memories. I do, however, have a vivid memory of an eye operation but I do not know where the memory came from. I'm certain this was not a dream, and my mother swears that what I remember happening, did not actually happen as I remember it.

Fact: I suffered a serious eye injury as a toddler.
Fact: The injury did not affect my vision.
Fact: The injury left a visible scar on my eyeball right where the iris meets the white portion.

The bunny rabbit eye injury: I was a toddler in a crib when the injury occurred and I remember exactly how it happened. I was playing with a stuffed toy bunny rabbit. It had long ears with embedded wires that allowed me to bend the ears into any position. There was a small hole at the base of the rabbit's ear which allowed me to pull the wire out.

The wire was shaped like a boomerang. I held it up in a V-position with my hand holding the far segment of the V. My other hand was pushing the V together so that

when I let go, the wire would vibrate and make a "boing" noise. I was utterly fascinated. I thought this wire-V-toy was great fun until it "boinged" right into my eyeball.

I remember the drive to the hospital. I was in the back seat of a car rather than an ambulance. I remember the face of an adult woman, possibly my mother or aunt, turning around toward me, reaching out her hand and saying something.

At the hospital I was in a white hammock surrounded by white-clad doctors and nurses. I swear that they actually removed my eye from its socket and then put it back. My mother swears that they did not.

The likeliest explanation for the hammock would be an ambulance basket as shown in the picture, draped with a white sheet. Perhaps they carried me from the car to the emergency room in such a basket.

This is one of the earliest memories that I have and my mother does not corroborate the specific details. I remember seeing my eyeball removed from the socket, and being held close to my face as if still attached to me. Is it simply the case of a very young child hallucinating from anesthesia? Was I partially awake during the surgery where I'd remember something my mother would not know about? Did my spirit float up out of my body where I saw what was happening on the operating table?

Perhaps I overheard a comment from a doctor prior to going under, and turned it into a more visual image. I can imagine a doctor saying, "Wow! That could have taken her eye out!" How a toddler could visualize a realistic image of an eye out of its socket, however, is a bit of a stretch. Television back then was in black and white whereas my memory was in full color, and operations of that nature were not shown on TV for all the world to see.

In revisiting this memory which I had never analyzed before, an interesting issue arises. If the wire in the bunny rabbit's ear was easily bent in order to fold down or flop the ear, why would it be in the shape of a V when I pulled it out? Why wouldn't it be bent over already? In addition, if the wire was designed to allow reshaping of the ear, it would not boing back into position. It would stay where you put it.

Nobody was in the room with me when the injury occurred. The memory of the bunny rabbit is my own memory, and I have no way of confirming whether I even had a toy bunny rabbit in the crib with me as Mom and Dad have since passed away.

Did I injure myself playing with a toy bunny rabbit? Was the rabbit a screen memory of something more otherworldly? Is it possible that I remember a medical procedure aboard a UFO which left an eye injury, and had a different procedure at a regular hospital when the injury was discovered? Other abductees have described objects or needles being inserted into their eyes, so it is indeed possible.

Even as an adult it is not uncommon for me to wake up with bruises that were not there before going to bed, and I've had other dreams which involved both UFOs and medical procedures. I also went missing from the same house, at right around the same age as the bunny rabbit incident, as the Missing Time chapter describes.

The Implant

When you're an abductee, you don't always know what memories you can trust. This is another actual memory which I question. What I remember is being stung by a bee that flew up my pant leg while I was talking to a totally hot boy I'd just met. He was a blonde haired, blue eyed dreamboat from Holland with a motorcycle, a black leather jacket, clean cut good looks and a soft-spoken, polite disposition.

The bee sting that never healed: He was the parking lot attendant where I'd parked my car while job hunting. I'd just moved back to town and most of my belongings, including my cat Sunshine, were in the back seat of my car. I was 22 years old and I didn't want to look like a big baby, so I didn't utter a word when the bee flew up my pant leg.

That would have been the end of it except that I have a scar on my leg where the bee stung me - a scar which has been there for thirty years. I've been stung

many times in my life by a variety of bees and wasps, and have never gotten a scar except for that one time. I was still having the Whirlwind dreams when I "got stung" by the bee.

The boy himself was real and we did end up dating for quite awhile after that. The question I have is whether the bee sting memory was a screen memory to cover up an alien medical procedure or implant. Why is there a raised, red scar?

To play Devil's Advocate however, if they'd wanted to implant me I imagine they'd have done it when I was a toddler, especially in light of them following me across several states and spanning decades. In addition, I know that when I got home from the job interview, I set out to remove the stinger and couldn't find it, so it's possible that I created the scar on my own.

Fifteen years after the bee sting, I was dreaming about a surgery that involved some sort of implant, and I even drew an image of the implant when I woke up. Was it simply a dream? Or was it a recovered memory attempting to resurface? I honestly do not know. The implant dream was in a different location of the body from the bee sting, making it unlikely that the two were connected.

The implant: I'd had surgery which involved inserting a catheter in my side into which I was supposed to insert a tube when I needed to go pee. I'd gone into the bathroom with such intent.

I had the tube in hand and was looking for the catheter hole to stick it into. "It's going to hurt," I thought as I searched for the entry hole. Then I discovered that I did not need the catheter and could pee normally.

Even so, the hole in my side apparently served other purposes as well such as blood pressure checks. The hole was red and ugly and it stuck way out. I could feel a hard gadget under the skin which was shaped like the letter "T" with plugged off ends.

In the bathroom, I kept finding money on the back of the toilet and I took it. First I found $125, then $20 and then $10. Every time I went into the bathroom, there was money so I kept on going in.

I can come up with a logical explanation for the implant dream especially as it did not start with a UFO sighting as some of the more relevant dreams did. One year prior to the dream I'd had my tubes tied, and

several years prior I'd had a plumbing issue in which a T-shaped joint played a prominent part. In addition, nine years earlier I did have a tube inserted into my side when my lung collapsed in a car accident, so one could argue that the three real-life events later converged into a dream.

Separating ordinary dreams from screen memories and fact from fiction can be very difficult for abductees. The whole concept of being abducted is so surreal to begin with that you look for facts that cannot be easily explained to corroborate the abduction theory. As with so many details that surround alien abduction stories, this next oddity may be entirely coincidental but at one point I was having quite a bit of difficulty with electrical gadgets going haywire. Apparently it was prevalent enough to make note of in my dream logs.

Electrical anomalies: Something's haywire as of late. I have not been remembering my dreams for about a week now. My car refused to start on Sunday. My brand new typewriter decided not to work right today. My telephone acted up briefly as well, and I suddenly got a very negative feeling about my apartment which felt so positive yesterday...

This period of electrical anomalies occurred during some of the most active months of UFO dreaming I'd experienced during my early thirties, when faces were appearing out of nowhere and hands were pushing me into the mattress. It was also the same year that I was being ordered to go "outside" in my dreams and where I saw angel hair on the trees.

Fright Nights

Intense fear haunts you when you are an abductee, as does the feeling of being watched. Even if you don't remember what you are afraid of, being repeatedly snatched from your home tends to lay quite a trip on your psyche.

As a child I was petrified of something outside my 2nd floor bedroom window in the house where I encountered the milky-silver UFO in the back yard. The curtains didn't close all the way and I believed that someone was watching me through the window. I was deathly afraid of that window. It was not the same window where I'd seen a UFO hovering; this window was at the side of the house rather than the back.

I absolutely believed that I was being watched and I'd wake up from nightmares in absolute utter terror, too afraid to get out of bed, petrified with fear. Something was nearby waiting to get me and I knew that my parents could not protect me from it. Those were the Skeleton Monster days.

Window fears permeated a good portion of my life even into adulthood and I absolutely had to have thick, heavy curtains completely covering the windows at night. Mini-blinds and lightweight curtains did not fully prevent all chance of someone seeing in, and hence were not acceptable. In spite of covering the windows, the fear was so intense even as an adult that I would wake from a nightmare and turn on every single light in the house. I would also turn on every outside light that did not involve me going outside to flip the switch.

I was not afraid of human intruders, but of entities that I couldn't see - non-physical creatures. Logically I knew that nothing could get in without smashing through windows or doors and making a lot of noise. Logically I knew that I wasn't likely to suddenly wake up and find someone standing over me, yet that's what I was afraid of. Sometimes I slept with all the lights on. Sometimes I was afraid to close my eyes at all, lest I open them to discover that I was not alone.

When the fears came, whether triggered by a nightmare or whether I just "got spooked" by something, I'd stay awake for hours in a fully lit house, afraid to turn on anything that would make noise. I was not afraid that someone would hear the noise; I was afraid that the noise would prevent me from hearing someone coming.

For this reason I had a hard time showering or vacuuming after dark, or flushing the toilet late at night, as though the noise would drown out potential warning noises. Even during the day I did not turn on the bathroom fan until AFTER I'd showered. In spite of the fears, I learned how to function around the "quirks" like doing noisy things before dark.

I did not conquer the fear of uncovered windows until I was in my forties. As I believe that they finally stopped coming for me, the fear is no longer being actively fed through ongoing abductions and can be put to rest, though even now I still get spooked from time to time. You just never completely get over it.

Nightmares can come from post traumatic stress disorder and these types of nightmares usually include aspects of the traumatic event which

triggered them. In other words, you relive the traumatic event in your nightmares, or incorporate pieces of the event into your nightmares, so for me the trigger event (or events) would have involved extraterrestrials and UFOs.

In addition to the window fears, I was deathly afraid of being outdoors after dark unless I was in a brightly lit area with people around. Dark, wooded areas brought out some of the worst fears and to this day it is very difficult for me to go out in my own back yard at night unless my husband and dogs are with me. I figure the dogs will alert me to any type of intruder on our property. Remember all those UFO dreams that involved me going outside when I did not want to? I believe that those dreams triggered the outdoor fears.

Shadowy flying things: One example that had me turning on all the lights involved dreaming that I was in my house with all the doors and windows wide open. Outside there were several strangers who I was afraid of.

The strangers were at the house next door and I had a brief conversation with one woman about what they were doing. I wondered if they were thieves. Then I dreamt that someone was trying to break into my house and promptly woke up.

I thought maybe the dream was warning me of a prowler outside, so I turned on the outside lights to scare him off just in case. As I looked out the window, I could see shadows moving around in the back yard. The shadows were not men, but flying things which were too big to be night flying birds.

So the dream scared me enough to wake up suddenly and turn all the outside lights on. Then what do I see out the window? Shadowy flying things. You want to talk about the fear factor? I rest my case.

Remote Viewing

As an adult I began to discover other people's tales of UFOs and alien encounters. We tend to seek out those who've been down the same traumatic roads that we've been down. Cancer survivors seek out other cancer survivors. Alcoholics band together in their quest to stop drinking. Rape victims find solace from other rape victims. Battle-worn soldiers turn to other soldiers in the hopes of finding their inner peace. The afflicted share memories that nobody else can possibly understand except for another who has been similarly afflicted, regardless of the subject matter.

Once I discovered that there were stories similar to my own and possible real-life explanations for the bizarre memories and dreams which had haunted me for a lifetime, I devoured everything I could read on the subject. *Whitley Strieber*, *Zecharia Sitchin*, and *Jacques Vallee* were three of my favorite UFO authors. The latter two looked back through the centuries at events which were not attributed to UFOs but which should have been. Instead of the motto "we are not alone" they put forth the theory that "we have NEVER been alone."

I remember the night I read about someone else's alien encounter. She called her alien "scorpion man" and he would stand outside the window watching her. That story probably filled me with as much terror as it did her. My fear of windows at night took on a horrifying new reality upon reading of other's encounters with alien Peeping Toms.

Yet even the window fears paled in comparison to the sick feeling that came over me when I first heard the term "remote viewing" in relation to the aliens. I do not recall the context in which I heard it but the gist was the ability of the aliens to watch us even from afar. They did not need to be standing just outside our windows.

The phrase itself was enough to spook me, sending my belly into a nauseous round of flip flops and causing my skin to prickle. Not only could they watch through your windows, your entire house might as well be rigged with cameras in every corner.

It was bad enough to be afraid of something that could reach out and touch you, but for that creature to be able to reach out mentally and touch you from a distance amplified my terror tenfold. Another veil of safety had slipped away. Not doors, or locked windows, or heavy curtains, or even distance could protect you from the extraterrestrials once they'd tagged you as a person of interest.

The Halloween Incident

While the Halloween incident did not involve a potential abduction event or a dream, it demonstrates how the fear can affect your life. The fear of being outdoors at night began as a child prior to ten years old. My best friend Elsa lived seven houses up the street. Sometimes it would be dark when I'd walk home from her house and those nights were filled with terror.

I was afraid of every bush, every shadow, and every noise or movement. I'd run from streetlight to streetlight, stopping at each one and standing with my back up against the pole as if somehow the streetlight behind me would protect me. The final approach involved passing the darkened recess between my house and the neighbor's house where the scariest window was - the window with the curtain that did not close.

While the concept of darkness being scary and light being safe is a common theme for children, for me it took on a life of its own culminating in a final blow out event in 1978 when I was 21 years old.

My boyfriend and I had gone to see the horror movie *Halloween*. I'd seen horror movies before and they hadn't sent me over the edge so it shouldn't have been a big deal. I made it through the movie and the following two nights without much trouble, as I'd spent those nights at his house.

The trouble started brewing back at my own apartment where I became acutely aware of how alone I was. The white face and dark eyes of *Halloween's* bad man hit me with full force. Every time I'd close my eyes to sleep, the image of that face would haunt me and the only way to dispel it was to open my eyes. Sleep was impossible that first night home.

The fear was so overpowering that I could not sleep the next night either. Every time I closed my eyes the monster would appear and I was so certain it was in the room with me that I'd open my eyes to look.

For three straight days and nights I laid awake in my bed, unable to close my eyes and sleep in spite of taking multiple over-the-counter sleeping pills. Thus was the intensity of the fear. The monster in *Halloween* triggered my lifelong fear of monsters going all the way back to the Skeleton Monster.

When I finally fell asleep, I slept for three days with occasional breaks to eat a meal and feed the cat, but even then the horror did not fully abate. It followed me outdoors when I came home from work at night. I was renting an attic apartment from an elderly couple and my door was at the back of the house - not a good setup when you're scared out of your wits.

I had to park in the street and walk all the way around to the back of the house in the pitch dark to get to the light switch that lit up my back door, so that I could see to insert the key. I kid you not, the trip from the car to my back door was fraught with sheer terror once I'd seen that terrifying movie.

First I'd build up the courage just to open the car door, fearful that something was crouched down where I couldn't see it and would spring into action the moment I opened the door. Once I passed the first hurdle, I'd run to the front of the house and immediately stand with my back against the wall, just as I'd done as a child running from streetlight to streetlight. Then I'd run around to the side of the house where I'd hug the wall again, waiting for the courage to continue around yet another corner.

Those corners were a killer. You didn't have a clue what might be lurking just around the other side, laying in wait to grab you. I do not

remember how long this ritual went on but from that day forward I avoided horror films.

In addition to being afraid of things that go bump in the night and creatures lurking around every corner, other quirks included a dislike of clowns. I never would have included this as being relevant as there were no specific clown events but apparently, it is a common theme for alien abductees to either dislike or even be afraid of clowns.

I've always hated dolls as well. I did NOT want to play with dolls as a child, with the single exception of Wishnik troll dolls. If a doll appeared to be human, I wouldn't touch it with a ten foot pole. Nor was I a tomboy to explain the aversion to dolls. I did love puzzles and games, however.

As one alien dream made mention of a life-size doll with mushroom-skin, I can't help but wonder if the hatred of dolls had otherworldly roots.

Faces in the Dark

When you are an abductee you do not need movies to fill you with the fear factor. Your life is already full of terrifying events which you cannot explain.

I experienced numerous menacing dream incidents which felt incredibly real. Whether they were additional manifestations of the Skeleton Monster, or ghosts, or demons from the bowels of the underworld, or simply vivid nightmares, I couldn't begin to guess. Whatever their source, these incidents sent me into a full panic.

Face came at me suddenly: One of the more vivid face-in-the-dark dreams occurred during my early thirties, and it scared me pretty badly. An entity appeared out of nowhere and rushed at me as if to attack. I got the impression that it was not a physical entity. I turned toward it and the entity disappeared just inches from my face. It happened so fast that I only got a glimpse of it.

The face was flat as if it were two-dimensional. It was dark in color with light markings and had the general appearance of a mask. The shape was wider at the

top, and narrower at the base. The markings were basically linear.

This wasn't the only dream to mention a mask with linear markings. In the Alien Animals dream from a later chapter, I described finding what appeared to be a voodoo mask lying on the ground with slit eyes. Other details of that dream elevated it to a high likelihood of being a screen memory.

In addition, the shape of the face-in-the-dark mask being "wide at the top and narrower at the base" matched the overall shape of an alien face. The darker color of the two masks, however, did not match my Skeleton Monster. Could this have represented the other type of alien who I was afraid of?

The warning: About a month later in another dream, I heard a warning. Someone shouted at me, "Get out of here!" I immediately woke up having no idea what I'd dreamt about.

Another face in the dark: Three years later, the silhouette of a person with a swirling light in their third eye rushed at me suddenly in a dream. I got really scared and very emphatically said, "No!" I immediately woke up.

The "third eye" represents the area in between and just above your eyes, and can represent psychic ability or a connection to "inner worlds."

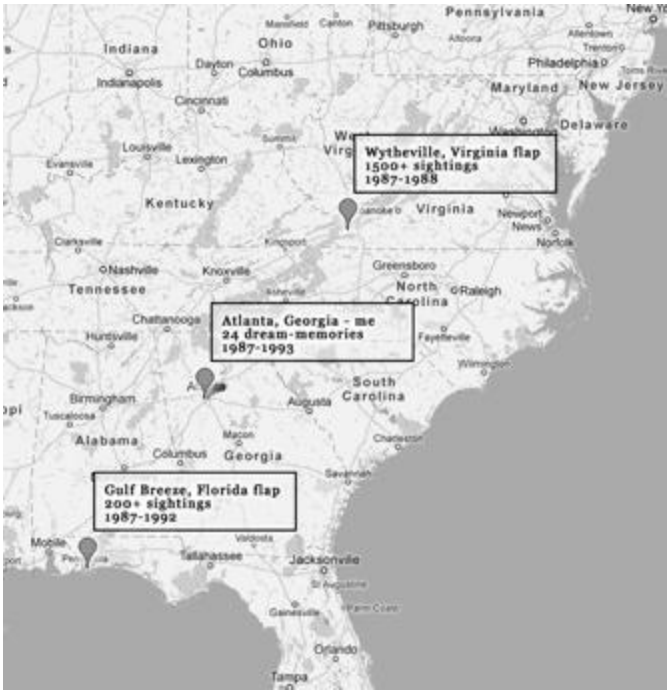
All three dreams felt vividly real and they all involved either something coming at me very quickly, or someone issuing an urgent warning. Having also dreamt about an alien with a light bulb in his forehead or chest in the ET Is My Friend dreams, one could draw a connection here again.

I always made note of whether a dream felt real and my immediate thoughts of what the dream might mean. If I believed that a real-life event triggered the dream, I included that in the dream log. In addition, I wrote the dreams down the moment I woke up so as not to lose potentially important details.

None of the face-in-the-dark or warning dreams could be explained by a television show or book I'd read. There was no similarity to anything going on in my waking life. They were set apart as being significant, much

as the Whirlwind dreams were significant for leaving behind physical traces of a drugged feeling.

The majority of the adult "dreams" which I now believe to be UFO visitations took place when I was living in the Atlanta, Georgia area. I moved to Atlanta on Halloween night of 1984. The Sea Oats dream occurred in 1986, and then a whole flurry of UFO dreams started in 1987 and came hot and heavy through 1993. Many of them started with a UFO sighting, followed by the "bad man at the door" scenario, and then continued with an extraterrestrial or similar theme.



Decades later I discovered that indeed, I was NOT alone. The Wytheville, Virginia flap of UFO sightings took place in 1987-1988. More than 1500 sightings occurred and it became the subject of an *Unsolved Mysteries* TV episode, complete with an alleged government cover-up.

During the exact same time period in Gulf Breeze, Florida, another wave of UFO sightings started in 1987 and continued into 1992. More than 250 sightings were reported by multiple witnesses but like Wytheville, the story became centered on a single witness who was later discredited, effectively canceling out the rest of the sightings.

In both cases, a single person was catapulted into the forefront of the story and then someone went to a lot of trouble to discredit that person,

effectively sweeping the rest of the sightings so far into the background as to make them virtually disappear.

My most vivid activity of adult dream-memories took place in the exact same time period when I was living directly in between the two flaps. During this time I experienced the majority of the adult encounters, in addition to childhood memories rising to the surface. The alien animals, earthquake, volcano, and rapture dreams all occurred during this time, as did the memory of the Santa Claus incident. This encompasses all of the bad man at the door dreams, the "outside" dreams, and so many others which took place between March 1987 and September 1993.

Was it really a coincidence that I was vividly "dreaming" of UFO abductions at a time when UFOs were flying the skies directly over me on their journey between Wytheville, Virginia and Gulf Breeze, Florida?

The Hand That Pushed Me

Not long after the Face in the Dark and Warning dreams, I experienced an actual physical event.

I felt a hand: I was sleeping on my side with my right hip facing upward, when a hand grabbed my right hip and physically pushed me down into the mattress, waking me up. I felt an evil presence in the room and my first reaction was to mentally shove the hand away.

Decades later I still remember the event pretty vividly. I FELT that hand as if it were a physical hand pushing down on me. I believed that it was a non-physical entity such as a ghost or a demon, which is why my immediate reaction was to forcefully shove it away mentally. I believed that I had the ability to fight off such creatures should they attack me. I hadn't yet discovered the possibility that aliens were haunting me.

My house was an estimated 88 years old and at least one person had died there - a man known as "the bird man." Neighbors told me the story of the bird man as passed down through their families for generations. It was said that wild birds would actually come and land on his arms, shoulders

and head, such was his affinity for them. He could often be seen in his garden communing with his bird friends.

The bird man lived alone in what was known as a "shotgun house" which consisted of two rooms with a fireplace in the shared wall. Each room had a door to the outside so you could run in one door and out the other, giving rise to the name "shotgun house." The house was just outside of Atlanta and I had traced its origin to sometime around 1900.

The original rooms were the living room and the bedroom where I slept. By the time I bought the house several rooms had been added including a dining room, kitchen, second bedroom, hallway, bathroom, and front porch.

According to legend the bird man fell in the bedroom, hit his head on the fireplace mantel, and died there. With the age of the house dating back to when people often died at home, it is likely that others died there as well. For that reason I attributed the incidents to ghosts.

I also considered the possibility of otherworldly evil beings paying me a visit. I was actively practicing personal mind control and meditation techniques, and was devout in my belief that our minds had the power to influence our realities. I was afraid that I had triggered the radar of beings who were intent on preventing us from doing what I was attempting to do.

Some would call them demons. Others would call them evil spirits. The notion that I might be the subject of alien visitation did not exist at that time so I sought other explanations for the odd events that surrounded my life. I was just beginning to discover the many connections between my experiences and those of others who'd been abducted, and I was still a decade away from accepting it.

Where I'd spent a lifetime running from the fearful creatures, I was now attempting to face off with them and send them packing. I had not yet realized that my "visitors" weren't of a nature which could be warded off, or left behind during a move to a new house.

Missing Time

It doesn't matter where you go or what you do - if they want you they will find you, and take you. There were numerous times where I'd be driving along and then suddenly become aware of my surroundings, without remembering having driven the last few blocks. I always assumed that I'd been daydreaming and just "zoned out" for a few moments, lost in thought, which happens to most of us at one time or another. As many of those lapses occurred during a period of life when timetables did not rule me, if I got to my destination later than expected I wouldn't have noticed it. One night, however, someone else noticed.

Lost days: I was living in a small town where the primary social outlet was to hang out with your friends at the local bar. They served sandwiches and snacks, had a jukebox, and were centrally located so we all met up there several nights a week.

One evening I left to go home and get something and said I'd be right back. Apparently I didn't show up again until several days later. My girlfriend made a pretty big deal about it wondering where I'd been.

I do not remember the details anymore except that I told her I had JUST left an hour earlier, and not days ago as she had claimed. For me, I left and came right back as promised. For my friend, there was a several day gap in between.

Was it missing time? A friend making a joke? Or was it simply party hardy time that got away? I do not know but it sure does sound a lot like the fairy stories of old where you stepped into a fairy circle and a few minutes passed for you, while days or even years passed for the rest of the world. Coincidentally, it happened around the same time as the missing pregnancies.

On the subject of time, some ufologists believe that the fairies, elves, leprechauns, and other creatures of myth and legend were actually extraterrestrial. Thus by studying the tales of old we can shed light on our current encounters. Ufologist Jacques Vallee offers an in-depth comparison of folklore to ufology in the book *Dimensions: A Casebook of Alien Contact*. His book references the work of Edwin Hartland.

Edwin Sidney Hartland was a Fellow of the Society of Antiquaries who studied the subject of fairies in mythology and folklore. He compiled his research into a book entitled *The Science of Fairy Tales* written in 1891. He devoted three full chapters to the subject of time as it relates to these supernatural beings, and how time flows differently when you are among them.

In the tale of Rhys and Llewelyn from the 1700s, the two friends were traveling on horseback when Rhys heard a song which he said he'd danced to a hundred times, and that he must go and have a dance. He told Llewelyn to continue on without him and that he'd catch up later. When Rhys failed to rejoin his friend, Llewelyn was thrown into prison on the belief that he had murdered Rhys. Eventually Rhys was found dancing with the fairies where for him, only five minutes had passed.

In a similar story, the missing person was gone for a year and a day but believed that only five minutes had passed. He had lost much weight and was "reduced to a mere skeleton" during his stay with the fairy folk. In yet another tale, a woman went missing for ten full years but believed that only ten minutes had passed. Another woman was carried off by "a whirlwind" and did not return until a year later. Sometimes they were found with no memory of the lost time, and sometimes they died shortly after they were found. Society discounts these old fairy stories as being works of fiction but

the book *Dimensions: A Casebook of Alien Contact* demonstrates that they may actually be the work of extraterrestrials.

My earliest episode of missing time was another actual event that took place when I was somewhere between 1.5 and 2.5 years old. I have no memory of it but the story has been told and retold by several family members. It was a pretty big deal and the adults were still talking about it 50 years later. This happened around the same time as the bunny rabbit eye injury.

Went missing as a toddler: While the bar story is the most memorable event of missing time that I personally remember, my aunt often told me the story of when I went missing as a child. I was a toddler when it happened - just old enough to be on my feet and mobile.

We were staying at my aunt's house which was on a fairly busy road across the street from a farm. Someone noticed that I wasn't right there underfoot so they went looking for me, searching the entire house to no avail.

The screen door was unlocked and they thought maybe I'd gotten outside. They searched the front and back yards. Panic was setting in and they went all up and down the road looking for me, with no luck.

Across the road was a farm with fields and cows. They were afraid that I'd crossed the busy road and wandered into the cow field. In full panic, they went back to the house to call someone for help, where they found me in the living room, hiding behind a curtain giggling.

I always took the story at face value, never thinking anything about it except as the tale of a little kid playing hide and seek and scaring her parents. In light of all the other strange events and oddities, however, I cannot help but wonder about it now. Could I have really stayed perfectly still and quiet the entire time they were searching the house, the front yard, the back yard, and all up and down the street? Not to mention adding whatever period of time that had lapsed from when they last remembered seeing me to when they discovered I was missing.

That's a long time for a toddler to stand in silence behind a curtain. Is there any chance that something else was involved in my going missing? Something related to my Whirlwind and Skeleton Monster dreams, and the bunny rabbit eye injury? Or was it just your typical toddler prank?

The Sex Factor

When a child is taken up by a UFO, it is probably for testing and observation, or in preparation for future activities. A young adult, however, may be involved with creating offspring. Whereas many UFO abductees come back with descriptions of medical probes, sexual encounters and hybrid children, very few of my dreams or memories included such things, focusing more on solving puzzles or messages for humanity. There were a few notable exceptions, however.

Nakedness and sex are sometimes woven through the fabric of the UFO dreams. You see glimpses of it in the Giant Spider and Rapture dreams. There was another dream not included here which involved sex, followed by a nurse in a hospital who appeared out of nowhere. The

hospital setting is what flagged that dream as UFO abductions are almost synonymous with hospital/medical settings.

In this next dream we have an unexpected flying thing, a BIG dog, a creepy man, a girl whose clothing had come undone, and couples. I believe that the big dog and creepy man were screen memories for aliens. The reference to a "plaza" probably meant a strip mall. Back in the 1980s when I had the dream we often used the term "plaza" to denote strip malls, being short for "shopping plaza."

Flying things and sex: Me and my friend Peggy were walking up the sidewalk of a plaza on a chilly night. Peggy went in one direction and I went in another where I ran into my neighbor Betty. We said hello but we didn't talk long.

A nearby man was super creepy so I started walking next to a BIG security guard. We walked around to the back of the plaza where Peggy should have been, but she wasn't there. Where had Peggy gone?

Then I saw a really cool flying thing. Black and silver and shiny, its shape made me think of folded paper. It flew near me and then up into the sky. I watched the flying thing, losing interest in the here and now.

Then I saw Betty come home. She was on her porch and she was opening the front door. There was a BIG DOG next to her. Should I go and talk to her?

Right about then Peggy came skipping down the sidewalk half dressed. Her shirt was unbuttoned exposing her bra, she was wearing tiny shorts and Peggy herself was really tiny. Somehow it was Peggy but it wasn't. She said she'd found Wesley and I asked how. She said it was easy; she'd just looked in all the windows. Wesley had several couples at his house.

Now this was an odd dream on several counts. Peggy was a girl I'd known in Florida in 1973. We were neighbors for a few months on the outer islands, and we worked together as flower girls in Clearwater, Florida. She was a BIG girl, very tall and big-boned, though not overweight. There was nothing tiny about her and she was nicknamed "the Amazon" so for her to appear in the dream as being tiny, and being herself "but not herself" may have been a screen memory, especially when you add the BIG dog, creepy man, and flying thing.

Peggy disappeared in conjunction with my seeing this flying thing, and then returned in a state of partial undress from a place where she had witnessed several couples, which elevates it to some of the sexual aspects of UFO visitations that are reputed to take place on board.

I wish I had described the "flying thing" in greater detail. All these years later I do not remember it well enough to be able to add the missing description. I did not liken it to a paper airplane, which leads me to believe that it was not shaped like an airplane. The comparison to folded paper, however, suggests that it was angular rather than rounded, and thin rather than thick and bulky. Calling it a "thing" implies that it did not resemble any object or aircraft that I was familiar with.

One of the more interesting aspects of the flying thing was that the sight of it "made me lose interest in the here and now" in spite of being afraid of a creepy man and concerned about my missing friend. This detail may be the most telling of all.

While I have no reason to believe this was a resurfacing memory of an event in Florida, if it had been it would have taken place in the St. Petersburg area between June 1974 and March 1975.

Peggy and I lived directly on the beach on the outer islands of Florida making the Gulf of Mexico our back yard. In July 1974, two men fishing in the northern area of the gulf had a close encounter. One had previously been in the Army and the other in the Coast Guard, so they would have been familiar with our own aircraft.

They spotted two UFOs on a clear day which came flying in from the south. The UFOs seemed to take an interest in a nearby Navy Undersea Warfare Research Platform. Soon after, two phantom jets came roaring into view and "chased" the UFOs, which zipped off into the southerly direction from whence they had come. One witness described the chase as being like "a puppy trying to catch a speeding car."

In the same area a few months later, a military training flight with a Marine Reserve Squadron pilot and five Naval Officer pilots spotted a UFO. They watched the unknown craft for several minutes and they all believed they were witnessing a genuine UFO.

Disappearing Pregnancies

Throughout history, folklore brought us tales of newborns stolen by otherworldly creatures and deformed children which were thought to be changelings. The changelings were often described as having huge heads and staring black eyes with spindly bodies that never filled out.

An old German legend claimed that the changelings were left by dwarves and had huge heads with staring eyes. In Scandinavia they were dumpy little creatures with big heads and eyes as black as coal, and were brought by "little grey females" called trolls. One such changeling lived to be nine years old but never grew larger than a child of three. He had a large head and was ugly as sin.

In addition to changelings were the stories of half-humans. These half-humans go all the way back to the time of Adam and Eve when a demon who was known by many names including Lilith and Lamia stole children. According to legend, Eve "bore demons to male spirits for a space of 130 years." Demons in those days were thought to be half-human, which makes you wonder what the other half was. Lilith flew at night in the form of an owl, and meteor-stone was her arrow. She appeared to men in their dreams and had children by them. She also stole newborn infants.

Stolen infants were very common. Shortly after woman gave birth on the Isle of Man there was a commotion in the cattle barn and several people ran out to investigate. Mother, child, and nurse were left behind. The nurse was in a deep sleep after a bout of heavy drinking the night before and could not be wakened by the mother's cries for help.

The terrified mother watched as her child was lifted from the bed by "invisible hands" and carried out of the room. In other words, she watched as her child was teleported away. When the others returned and found the distraught mother wailing over her missing child, they discovered that another child had been left in its place. The changeling was lean and withered - a deformed creature which lived for several years and ate nothing more than a few herbs. Neither did it go to the bathroom except to expel a little bit of water. The creature was weak in every joint and thus was never able stand up.

These changelings could simply have been human children born with severe birth defects, or they could have been failed attempts at alien hybrids. One race of creatures called the Nereids which were spirits of the woods, water, streams, springs and mountains had the power to transform themselves, and they were known to steal children. Their paths were marked by whirlwinds.

In those days the ability to create a vision such as an owl, dog, or giant spider to mask your true appearance would have been thought of as the power to transform oneself. So these Nereids hid their true appearance, arrived on a whirlwind, and stole babies.

Virtually every culture had a mythical child stealer. The Greeks feared Strigalai, an old and ugly owl-woman. The Moravians feared Vestice who could take the appearance of any animal, stole babies from their mother's breast, and sometimes left changelings in their place. The Servians had the Wjeschtitza who took the form of an insect and ate up children at night.

Modern day UFO abductions often include stolen fetuses or human-alien hybrid children. Women are taken to the ship, shown these children, and expected to interact with them. Sometimes the women are told that the children sprang from their own wombs.

Though few of my UFO dreams included events of a reproductive nature, I did experience what may have been two disappearing pregnancies in their second trimester.

My monthly period was as predictable as clockwork. Every month it arrived without fail until menopause, which for me came in my early fifties. I have no idea whether I could actually conceive children. I've never had children, never had an abortion, and never knowingly had a miscarriage. I went on the pill in my teens. I was halfway into my thirties when I got my tubes tied and went off the pill. Even then my period remained as predictable as clockwork with the following two exceptions, which took place one year apart.

Two disappearing pregnancies: When I was 19 years old, I skipped a period one month. Nor did it come the next month or the next. Four months in a row passed and still my period did not come.

I did not go to a doctor so I cannot say beyond a doubt that I was pregnant. Back then we didn't think of prenatal care or make major adjustments in our lives for pregnancy. In addition, abortions had only been legal for four years and it just wasn't an option that most people considered.

I grew up during an era when teen pregnancy was frowned upon. If the mother-to-be was still in high school, she was hidden away until she had the baby which was then given up for adoption. Pregnancy outside of marriage was uncommon and such children were called "bastards" and not thought of highly. Shotgun weddings to prevent bastard children were the norm.

Having sex outside of marriage was also frowned upon which painted me as a "bad girl" in spite of the "free love" generation of the 60s that had gone before me.

I shared my pregnancy suspicions with my boyfriend which caused us to have quite an argument. We were both relieved when my period resumed after four months of being absent, figuring it had just been a false alarm.

The following year it happened again. Exactly four months went by without a period and then suddenly it came. Those two years marked the diminishing of the Whirlwind dreams, after which they came less and less frequently until one day they were gone forever. Had the aliens gotten what they wanted from me - two fetuses in their second trimester? Or was it merely another coincidence in a lifelong string of odd coincidences?

Ringing in the ears: Other medical ailments plagued me during the same two years. Nineteen was the age when my ears first started ringing and to this day they've never stopped. It was as if someone were giving me a hearing test, where they play a tone and ask if you can hear the tone.

At first the ringing was intermittent, with a single tone playing in my head off and on. Eventually the tone turned on permanently. Then another, different tone joined it. Then another and another until I cannot tell you how many different tones are ringing in my head, all at the same time, during every waking hour without end. Sometimes the tones are so loud that it's like sirens blaring in my head. Can you imagine hearing sirens every single waking hour of your life?

When I get overtired the sirens grow even louder making me super sensitive to any noise. TV, radio, and so forth can just send it over the edge at those times when it gets really bad.

Headaches: Along with the blaring sirens, I started getting severe headaches for no apparent reason as well. Doctors had no more answer for the headaches than they had for the ringing in the ears. The year was 1977 and I'd just moved to a small town in the Midwest, far away from the big cities. Towns ranging from 300 to 30,000 people were spaced 5-10 miles apart, separated by long stretches of dark country roads.

UFO sightings were being reported throughout the area. Just as with the Great Ithaca Flap of UFOs near my hometown, I'd moved to another popular UFO hangout. I lived there during the adult "missing time" episode that my friend had noticed, the two disappearing pregnancies, the bizarre body rash, the onset of the ringing in the ears, and the headaches.

100 miles from my apartment, an airline pilot reported a UFO sighting. He described it as a silver mushroom three times the size of the moon. 50 miles away a couple witnessed a UFO which they described as a silver "straw hat" as big as the moon. A different couple described a silver sphere with a Saturn-like ring or halo around it. Others in the vicinity, including pilots and policemen, were describing similar objects.

75 miles away a man claimed to have witnessed four aliens on the ground, one lying down as if in trouble with the other three attempting to assist. He described an atmosphere known as the "OZ effect" in UFO lingo, which relates to changes in the perception of time, the space around you, movement, sound, and changes to the very air itself, much as I'd once described regarding the UFO in my back yard:

"The whole back yard had an unearthly feel and the very air felt different. The air itself seemed to glow, kind of like what you experience with a black light, only in a milky-silver-white color instead of purple. It was if the air itself were a milky-silver color. It was spooky."

Bizarre body rash: Thankfully the headaches did not take up permanent residence with me as the ringing had. However, a truly bizarre ailment grabbed hold of me during the same time period. The missing period came first, followed by the body rash a few months later, followed by the second missing period a few months after that.

The rash started on the palms of my hands and the soles of my feet. They turned bright red and began to itch like crazy. The following day the rash had spread to my wrists and ankles, metamorphing into huge red welts. On the third day this rash encompassed my arms and legs. Day four brought the rash to my stomach. There were no other symptoms but the rash itched like crazy and I couldn't stand it. I'd never experienced anything like it before, or since, that time. I'd never even caught poison ivy as a kid in spite of walking through it with bare feet. I was generally immune to itchy rashes.

In absolute agony of itching I went to a doctor. He panicked when he saw the severity of the rash and believed it to be either advanced syphilis or Rocky Mountain Spotted Fever. He sent me home under quarantine until the test results came back. I thought it was odd for him to send me home instead of to a hospital if he wanted me under quarantine, but there it was. My neighbor was not afraid and she was an absolute angel, making a trip to the store to bring me groceries for my exile.

The doctor ran a plethora of tests for everything he could think of, all of which came back negative. He had nothing to offer me to alleviate the itchy rash that had encompassed so much of my body.

My neighbor suggested her dermatologist who assumed that it was an allergic reaction of some sort. He prescribed a very expensive jar of goo that cost $30. Considering that this was the late 1970s when gas was 50 cents a gallon and rent was a little over $100 a month, $30 was a LOT of money for a jar of goo. In today's prices it would be like $300-400 dollars.

The rash did respond to the expensive goo and it finally went away, never to return. The cause of the rash remains a mystery to this day.

As for the ringing in the ears, I'd always attributed it to the five very large amalgam dental fillings I received but in recreating the timeline for this book, I realized that the dental fillings came AFTER the missing periods, bizarre body rash and initial onset of ringing in the ears.

Keep in mind that the aliens expose us to substances not of this earth when they abduct us. The Whirlwind dreams left me feeling drugged afterwards, which indicates that I was physically exposed to some otherworldly chemical on multiple occasions.

They transport us with energy beams, paralyze us with some form of alien anesthetic, and do God knows what else while we are with them. If there is any possibility that the aliens are using us as hybrid incubators, they'd likely need to inject a chemical to ensure that our bodies accepted the "foreign matter" embedded inside. It's no wonder that an abductee would experience bizarre medical complaints as a result of alien exposure.

Cat With an ET Head

Female abductees commonly report interacting with hybrid children, sometimes being told that the children are their own. While I have no such direct memory, I did have a potential screen memory of an interaction involving cats.

Where I didn't trust the bad man at the door or the spider/dog creature, cats were another entity altogether. If you wanted to gain my trust, using a cat was the way to go. Such was my love for cats that people often gave me cat-related gifts such as figurines, cat puzzles, and cat birthday cards. At one time we all joked that I'd grow up to be the weird cat lady with 30 cats. With that in mind, using a cat as a screen memory makes perfect sense as in the following dream which took place in my thirties.

ET head with a cat's face: My boyfriend and I were in the aisle of a shopping mall where there were cats for sale. A black and white cat grabbed my finger and wouldn't let go, even when he was dangling off the end of my arm.

My boyfriend was fascinated by a shaded silver Persian cat. The Persian was an adult while the black and white cat was semi-adult. There were one or two other cats around, including an orange tabby.

The Persian was a funny looking cat. It had a flat face and the back of its head was bare and bulbous like an ET. The Persian cat had big, luminous moon eyes.

The description of the Persian cat with part of its head being "bare and bulbous like an ET" and having "luminous, moon eyes" elevates it to a potential screen memory. Was this a screen memory that didn't quite take hold? Did portions of what I really saw bleed through?

In addition, the specific reference to a "shaded silver Persian cat" comes directly from childhood. Somewhere between 5 and 8 years old I had a shaded silver Persian cat, for a brief time. The dream itself took place in adulthood.

Where cats were appearing in a friendly context, both dogs and cats were appearing in rows of cages or containers. The following two dreams took place five years apart.

Dogs in cages: Tolliver. Abandoned buildings. Rows of dogs in cages. Tolliver said, "Should have been mine, not my brother's."

I was afraid. Sometimes people appeared out of nowhere, or perhaps they were ghosts. A man appeared behind me and seemed to be following me. I was afraid he'd catch me. Was it Tolliver?

I do not know where the name "Tolliver" came from. I didn't know anyone by that name and as far as I know, hadn't heard the name before. It was such an odd detail.

People or ghosts "appearing out of nowhere" in conjunction with rows of dogs in cages does make you wonder whether it was just a dream, or whether this was a UFO incident where I witnessed animals on board.

The next dream involving animals in cages included my two cats: Sunshine and Hadji. I adopted Sunshine as a kitten when I was 19 years old and we spent the next 18 years together before she passed away. Hadji also came to me as a young kitten several years later, and shared 11 years with me. Both Sunshine and Hadji died the same year of a highly contagious cat disease which had no vaccination or cure. I was in my thirties when they died. They were still alive during all the UFO dreams which included them.

Cats in cages: I think we'd flown somewhere on a plane and my cats Sunshine and Hadji were in quarantine. I was forbidden to see them for one month, or was it six months? At random I walked into a room and discovered that it was full of cats - all in containers under quarantine.

Some were in cardboard boxes, some were in cages, and others were running loose. The containers were on top of benches and there were rows of benches.

I looked in a box and thought the cat was Sunshine so I picked her up and started cooing. Then I realized it wasn't Sunshine so I put her back.

I felt guilty because some lady witnessed my abrupt change of attitude toward the cat. Her expression was disapproving as if she were thinking, "How could you ignore your cat after it's been here so long?"

A few minutes later I found Sunshine in another box. She was ecstatic to see me. I found Hadji running loose under the benches. I was working out a plan to sneak them out of quarantine.

Here again we have rows of cats in cages, reminiscent of the dogs in cages from five years earlier. The cat dream didn't include any details that would connect it to UFOs except for the brief reference that I thought we'd flown somewhere on a plane.

Some UFO abductees have reported that they encountered alien-human hybrid children and were expected to hold the children. In some cases they were told that the child was their own. I've never been a child lover who was immediately drawn to holding babies. I am the exact opposite. Show me a baby and I'm running the other way. Show me a cat, however, and I'm reaching out to hold it, so using a cat's image would almost be necessary to get me to reach out. That I "cooed" at the cat is truly odd, as I never cooed at my cats in waking life. You coo at a baby, not a cat, which adds another layer of possibility to the baby theory.

The two potentially missing fetuses of my own took place years before the cat dream. In human years they would have been teenagers. In alien years who knows? Time apparently flows differently for the aliens and for the people taken aboard UFOs.

Remember the fairy stories where abductees were gone for a year but for them it felt like a day? In some stories an alien day is a year for us, and in other stories it's a month. If our year is a blink of an eye in alien time, then the passage of 12 years from my first possible pregnancy may have been only days or months for the extraterrestrials. Would an infant living in

alien time still be an infant after 12 years rather than a teenager as one would expect?

If so, the cat dream could easily have been a screen memory for the aliens attempting to get me to hold my child. That I did not want to hold the cat/child once I discovered that it was not my beloved Sunshine upset the woman greatly. An interesting notion on the concept of time, however, is to wonder whether multiple abductions affect your internal clock. Does your body age more for the time you spend with the aliens? Where the fairy abductees believed that only minutes had passed, a full year had actually passed and if they were gone long enough, they died soon after returning, sometimes mouldering away as if in old age.

> On waking he was greatly surprised at the change in the appearance of everything around him, as he thought he had only slept for a few hours; and though he did not, as in the Welsh and Scottish tales, fall into dust, still old age came upon him in as many days as the years he had passed in slumber (which was 57 years.) (Edwin Sidney Hartland, *The Science of Fairy Tales*, 1891)

I am currently 54 years old but I feel as if I am in my 70s. I struggle with health issues which they cannot explain. My body feels so much older than it really is and I've been battling this for decades. The health issues started right around the time of the most intense period of UFO dream activity.

Held Hostage

Some believe that alien abductions run in families and that if you've been abducted, there's a strong likelihood that your parents and grandparents have been as well. While it's hard to imagine my mother as ever having been abducted, she did seem to appear in quite a number of my UFO dreams. Oddly, while my mother appeared in my UFO dreams, my father never did. The man who raised me was not my biological father and if the aliens had an interest in genetics, that could account for him being absent from the dreams. We were not genetically related.

Mom was always a peripheral person in the UFO dreams - never directly involved. In a couple dreams she and I spoke briefly about UFOs and in those dreams she was matter-of-fact, as if we were talking about a trip to the store. In waking life, however, she would not have been so.

I was 33 when I had this next dream which involved people from my childhood, but took place in the house I was living in at the time I had the dream.

Held hostage by three aliens: Mom and I threw a party and a lot of people came, more than I expected. I specifically named two girls I went to elementary school with, a detail that might point to this dream as a resurfacing childhood memory.

At one point I asked Mom if she thought we had enough snacks and drinks for everybody. The two girls I went to school with were NOT among my group of friends, and I wanted to make sure they had a good time in the hopes of becoming friends. I was surprised that they had even come to the party.

This next part of the dream gets really strange. I was outside and for some reason I had turned on the front and back garden hoses. They were lying on the ground, running. It was nighttime and it was dark out.

I was in the front yard with the garden hose running, looking up at the sky, and a UFO came. Then I was in the back yard by the gate, where three people or extraterrestrials were holding me hostage. I wondered how the partygoers would react to me having gone missing and finding the two garden hoses running, so apparently I was expecting to be taken away. The partygoers would have to think it strange.

I cannot even begin to wonder about the garden hoses in the dream. That was a bizarre detail which was obviously important enough to remember. Perhaps I was outside watering the flowers when a UFO came.

That Mom and two childhood classmates were in the dream suggests that it could have been a memory resurfacing from childhood, though I don't recall us ever having a party that included classmates who I wasn't good friends with.

The lack of emotion, fear, or actual communication with the aliens suggests that this was just a dream, or portions of old memories combining with a dream.

UFO Crash

My childhood best friend appeared in a UFO dream where we witnessed a UFO crashing. On more than one occasion I dreamt of UFOs crashing. As I was not aware of actual reported crashes in the vicinity, I attributed these particular dreams to be just that: dreams.

However, in writing this book I did some research and according to a news story on November 28, 2006, an unidentified flying object was witnessed by several people who claimed to have seen it crash in Columbus, Georgia. Dozens of reports poured in from several Georgia cities of UFO sightings prior to the crash.

According to one report, policemen, firemen, an FAA official, personnel from military Fort Benning, the Georgia State Patrol, and several unidentified personnel were involved in the search for the crashed object which was allegedly never found. Several large tractor trailers were seen entering the area, which was then blocked off to casual observers. Debris was reputed to strike areas as far as 100 miles away. I was living approximately 100 miles from the crash site at the time. In addition, there were numerous reports of UFOs sighted over the city of Atlanta, including one in broad daylight, at the time I had the dreams.

Another UFO crash had allegedly taken place decades earlier in upstate New York in 1976. I was living in upstate New York that year and could have witnessed the event, later remembering what I'd seen as a dream. An investigator from the New York crash site wrote a letter on June 13, 1987 describing what he'd seen in his investigation. His identity was kept confidential but the letter was published.

He wrote that the object was cigar-shaped and left a hole more than 100 feet in diameter. The earth was pushed back away from the crashed object as if the hole had been made in front of the object. It was speculated that a magnetic field around the object created this phenomenon, as the area was full of magnetic energy readings which made it difficult for the investigators to use their instruments.

An unidentifiable material covered the object, approximately one inch thick. A square foot piece of this material weighed so little that a puff of wind could blow it away. The surface was as clear as glass, and so hard that trying to scratch it with a pocket knife was like trying to scratch a piece of glass with a feather.

I cannot verify the validity of either of these reports and I still believe that my UFO crash dreams were simply dreams, and not memories resurfacing or actual events that I had witnessed. However, in the quest to be as thorough as possible, I've included mention of the crash reports along with my UFO crash dreams.

UFO crash over Georgia: The UFO was the same milky-silver color that I've seen in other dreams, and the crash occurred in broad daylight over Atlanta, Georgia. The UFO was coming down at an angle and while I did not see it hit the ground, I'm sure that it must have. I thought I saw a flash of light at the moment of impact.

Friend acts strangely after UFO crash: The second UFO crash also happened over a big city, though the city itself was not identified in my dream. This UFO was flying just above the buildings and moving slowly. It was rotating as it flew past me and then it crashed, landing in a bad area near downtown. I'd never seen a craft like it before but believed that it could have been government manufactured as I hadn't seen it perform bizarre maneuvers or do anything beyond our technology while flying.

I tried to get close to the crash site but found myself in a REALLY BAD neighborhood and ended up chilling out in a public store rather than walking the

dangerous streets. The UFO had been triangular in shape, but it also had rectangular parts below the triangle which were big enough to mask the initial shape.

I am not certain if this next part refers to the same crash or a different one, but the dream occurred on the same night. In this dream the UFO crash occurred right next to a government facility. My friend Elsa and I decided to go check it out. Hundreds of people were gathering near the crash site and we never got close to where the crowd had gathered.

Elsa was on a bicycle and I was on foot, but she rode slowly and kept pace with me. We entered a government building where we could see rows of computers and machines, but we didn't linger. Someone spotted us so we decided to get the hell out of there believing it to be a top secret area that we'd walked into - an area that would put us in danger for seeing it.

We turned around to run but Elsa got trapped inside when the door closed. I pushed a button and the door opened again. Elsa came up the stairs with her bike and exited. Originally she'd been right at the other side of the door but now she was coming up the stairs from somewhere below, which didn't make sense.

Elsa was acting odd - suddenly angry and sullen, and she wasn't saying a word. I was concerned that they'd "gotten" to her and done something, even though I was sure that only a moment had passed.

Then a small black kitten came tagging along behind us crying, and Elsa decided to adopt it and give it a home. The kitten had a red ribbon around its neck and possibly a collar as well. I didn't believe it was homeless. The fact that the kitten was black struck me. "It figures."

While the dreams at first glance appear to take place in the here and now, pieces of the dreams tie them into childhood memories. In the first dream, the UFO is milky-silver in color, a detail that goes back to childhood. The second dream includes Elsa who was my childhood best friend, but who I'd lost touch with as an adult. Additionally, the second dream included the appearance of an innocent, helpless kitten. If an alien ever wanted to implant me with a screen memory, cats were definitely the way to go which would explain the frequent appearance of cats in my alien/UFO dreams. Finally, that the kitten was black could be significant, as you'll see in the Alien Animals dreams later described. Even in the dream itself, the kitten being black struck me enough to say, "It figures."

The dream lacked the fear and intense emotions which other UFO dreams left me with. In addition, I first described the UFO as rotating as if it

were round, though I did not describe it as such. I later described it as being triangular with a rectangular underbelly. While there were aspects of the dream that had the "real" factor such as Elsa appearing to come from a different part of the building with a distinct change in attitude, I do not believe the dream was a screen for a current abduction. Perhaps it was a dream that incorporated memories of previous abductions, but in itself was just a dream.

Seeing computers in the building would also eliminate it being a childhood memory. Computers did not exist publicly when I was a child, though the government may have had some form of computer technology.

UFO Visitation

While I doubted that the UFO crash dreams masked real events, this next dream held all the classic signs of being a screen memory for an alien abduction.

It was one of those "wake up afraid of monsters" nights. Upon waking from the dream I had to turn on all the lights. I was deathly afraid to go near the windows. I wondered how the hell I was going to get back to sleep. I was so very tired but I knew that sleep would not bless me after such a terrifying dream.

Floating up into the air: A UFO landed next door. There was a lot of noise and vibration and things in the house were moving. I felt absolute and utter terror. I know much of this dream was forgotten.

I was in the house hoping that they would leave me alone. If they don't see me looking out the window maybe they'll take my neighbor and leave me alone.

Then I was outside floating up into the air. I was trying to get away but some sort of object was chasing me. No! I must get away from it!

I was up in the air trying to grab onto the eaves of the house. I was hoping to maneuver around to the other side of the house away from them. The object was on the ground but I knew that it could easily come up to where I was.

I remember being asked, "Do you want to come?" I was being invited. I didn't have to go and I answered, "No." I was afraid of them. I was afraid they wouldn't bring me back. I didn't want to leave my life here.

That's about all I remember except for how different their ship looked. It was not the smooth milky-silver disk I was accustomed to; it was dark and it had a lot of ironwork.

I also remember dogs barking. I had hoped that the neighbors would be roused by the dogs and look outside. Or was I hoping that they would not? I do not remember which way I was thinking, only that I was thinking something along those lines.

I woke up absolutely certain that I had dreamt of a UFO landing in my neighbor's yard earlier that same week, but I could not find a record of having recorded such a dream. I knew that the earlier dream had involved the milky-silver disk which I was accustomed to seeing. I vividly remembered seeing the disk in their back yard and it seemed like a recent memory, but I could not recall any details.

In the dream log I made a pretty big deal out of how scared I was stating in various places that, "I was afraid. So much fear. So much utter fear. I was afraid of them. All the lights on. Afraid of the windows. How the hell am I going to get back to sleep? Dammit!" I was pretty emphatic in the emotions and I absolutely believe this dream to be a memory of an abduction and not just an ordinary dream.

I was 41 years old when I had this dream. Whether it was a decades old memory resurfacing, or whether I was still being taken up, I would presume the latter based on the particular details.

An interesting aspect is that I differentiated this UFO from the "normal" UFOs which were milky-silver, and was very afraid of the beings in it. References to different types of beings, some which I was afraid of and others which I was not, occurred in other dreams as well including the UFO that landed in the back yard of my childhood home.

Another common denominator was to be asked if I wanted to go, answer NO, and then be taken anyway. That aspect of the UFO abduction defies all logic. Why bother to ask my permission if they weren't going to

honor the answer, unless they were asking whether I wanted to leave with them PERMANENTLY and I misunderstood the question.

Overall I did not have a lot of communication with the aliens beyond "outside" and "do you want to come?" In very few of the dreams was there actually a conversation of any kind, such as the ghost-woman in the library setting or the conversation with my friend "Peggy."

Words such as "outside" were telepathic rather than by voice. "Do you want to come?" was also telepathic. I heard the words very clearly in my mind, but there wasn't a voice attached as you'd expect from a human person. There was no doubt at all, however, that there was a communication taking place. I knew that I was being addressed beyond any doubt.

A common pattern in almost all of the dreams was that I woke up remembering the UFO sighting, the "bad man at the door" or abduction sequence, but what happened aboard the UFO itself was usually a total blank.

My guess is that once they get you on board, they wave their forgetful wands to blank out whatever happens next, either that or it is so traumatic that you block it out on your own. It's also possible that by starting with a subject from such a young age, it's much easier for them to manipulate your memory as you are already conditioned to it.

Tire With Lights Underneath

That wasn't the only time I dreamed of a craft that was different from the milky-silver disk. This next dream involves a tire-shaped UFO and it has an odd detail relating to a sunburn. Close encounters often leave a sunburn behind though I don't recall ever experiencing one in conjunction with a UFO dream. I was living in Georgia for this dream and two people were in it besides me: my neighbor in Georgia, and a girl I went to school with in New York.

UFO sunburn: Me and the Georgia neighbor were going out in a rowboat. He suggested that I bring an overshirt to protect me from sunburn and I thanked him for remembering as I would have forgotten. He was holding the boat for me while I ran back for the shirt.

Suddenly the sky was growing overcast. It was turning real dark, real quick. It looked like thick black smoke rolling low across the sky and in the center of it, a giant tire with tread floating above the ground. There were flashing lights underneath the tire and I realized that it was a UFO.

The neighbor was gone and now I was with a friend from my teenage years. We went inside the UFO to investigate and it was not as we expected. It was dirty with a lot of pipes, similar to a basement. The people did not appear to be as loving and

friendly as I had imagined they would be, but they did look like humans. They ignored me and my friend.

There was a candy machine that only took quarters and nickels. Someone was complaining that it was too hot so apparently the humans were from some place cold. The cats weren't with me and I was irritated by that. Hey! This isn't the way it's supposed to be!

This dream lacked the fear and emotion of some of the others, but it did include interesting details. The sunburn was a detail that did not normally occur in my UFO dreams, nor did I wake up with a sunburn. The friend from New York was a common thread in the dreams which I believed to be memories, though this was a different friend. The other people, in hindsight, were probably humans that had been "taken up" rather than aliens, which explains their attitude. That I thought the cats should be with me was an interesting detail, as they had so often been part of the UFO experience for me.

The craft itself was radically different from the spaceships that usually appeared in my dreams, making this dream suspect as being just a dream, especially as it lacked any emotion or fear.

Of interest is that I was expecting to find people who were "loving and friendly" and that the experience overall was not the way it should have been.

Angel Hair

This dream took place the same year as the Face in the Dark dreams which was a period of hot activity regarding UFO dream-memories. Two details elevate this dream to the realm of a screen memory rather than just a dream. First, the word "outside" stands alone in my dream log, and it begins the dream.

The angel hair dream: Outside.

In a tiny garden full of trees. There were no leaves yet but the trees were in full bloom with red tulip flowers. In addition, the trees were covered with white angel hair.

There was an older man putting on the finishing touch as if he were decorating the trees - with birdseed? Was he decorating the trees with birdseed?

Instantly the trees were FULL of birds. Every square inch of every tree was teeming with birds. I was amazed at the man's magical touch and I exclaimed, "YOUR trees. YOUR flowers. YOUR grass." The birds liked HIS stuff best.

I found a small twig with one tiny leaf on it and I threw the twig over onto some grass. The location held a sad memory for a younger man who was also there and I realized that I should have thrown the twig in a different place where it would

have grown for sure. It was as if the twig would grow in a joyful place and wither in a sad one.

The younger man asked for my help to open a second floor window of a house. The window crank was on the outside and he was on a ladder. He had removed a wedge of wood from the window. This house had very sad memories for the young man - sad memories of a girl. This was his first time back to the house.

I did not know it at the time but later learned that angel hair is associated with both UFOs and religious events. Angel hair, also known as *siliceous cotton*, is described as being like fine hair, delicate silken threads, or spiderwebs. It is said to fall from UFOs and it quickly evaporates or disintegrates. It has been reported at religious events including Our Lady of Fatima, sightings of the Virgin Mary, and similar phenomena.

I woke up believing this dream to be highly significant. In addition, the dream started with the trigger word "outside" so it's got the makings of a UFO visitation rather than a dream. Otherwise, I'm not sure what to make of it except for the potential message it offers: "The twig would grow in a joyful place and wither in a sad one."

As I strongly believe in the ability of our mind to affect our reality, this is a powerful message. Living in a state of joy allows anything you plant to grow, whereas a state of sorrow will kill it. In other words, whatever you are trying to create in your life, whatever you are building or attempting to accomplish has a good chance of succeeding if you live in a state of joy.

Whether it is related to a creative endeavor, health issue, job, personal relationship, or anything else, your joy will "fertilize it" and propel it toward a successful outcome, whereas your sorrow will act like a weed-killer even if the endeavor itself is not a weed.

Look for those things in life that bring you joy. Embrace activities that make you happy. Surround yourself with people who make you laugh. Rearrange your thinking for a more positive outlook. Avoid that killer doom and gloom attitude and your life will be more successful in every regard.

Volcanoes

Whereas in waking life I tried to embrace a positive attitude and "fertilize" my endeavors with joy, dreams were often full of doom and gloom and UFO dreams sometimes focused on disasters such as major earthquakes or volcanoes about to blow.

While this volcano dream did not include actual UFOs or aliens, it did offer up a showy spectacle in the sky which could have indicated a UFO just above the clouds. Pink flashes of lightning a hundred feet wide and clouds speeding across the sky appeared in conjunction with several smoking volcanoes that rose up suddenly and ready to blow.

Lightning, speeding clouds and volcanoes: I was in a very old, beautiful building that was constructed during an era when things were built to last. The walls were thick and constructed of solid stone or bricks. The terrace, posts and pillars were built from stone, with a stone-pillared railing that looked out over the ocean.

Standing on the terrace, I watched in amazement at the things which manifested up in the sky - things I'd never seen before. The clouds flashed bright pink as they literally raced across the sky. Occasionally they created a swirling whirlpool as they moved at lightning fast speeds. From these whirlpools, 100 foot wide bolts of neon pink lightning shot down into the ocean.

This was not your traditional storm. Not a single drop of rain fell and while the clouds were flashing pink, they were still white and billowy as on a beautiful

summer day. Though it was early in the afternoon, the sky began to darken as if sunset were fast approaching. I was riveted by the strangeness. Something extraordinary was afoot.

As I watched the spectacle up in the sky, a big woman with an authoritative voice ran out of the building, waved her arms frantically and motioned for us to come inside. "Get inside NOW! NOW! HURRY! You've got to come in! It's going to blow!"

I ran in the opposite direction, away from shelter and out onto the beach where there was a tiny building that looked like an outhouse. For some reason I had to put a padlock on the door which I found lying on the ground. It was not my padlock so I didn't know if there was even a key for it. I had a vision of trying to hammer it off later.

Once the tiny building was secured, I went back up onto the terrace and lingered there, watching. At least a hundred people ran out into the ocean and started to play in the water which was suddenly as warm as bathwater. About twenty volcanic cones had risen up from the ocean floor in the shallow water and people were climbing up on them.

Volcanoes! Some emitted innocent-looking wisps of ash-grey smoke that appeared quite harmless. Children splashed in the water and laughed with delight. I knew they'd all be burned to a crisp if the volcanoes blew and apparently, the word was out that they were going to blow at any moment.

A nerdy looking girl about my age ran out of the building. She was a know-it-all type who'd likely be an expert on what we were witnessing. She grabbed my arm, "C'mon! We've got to go! Now!" I followed her.

Everybody was going down into the bowels of the building, into the basement and the lower realms. We were running down a 30 foot wide expanse of marble stairs as though we were running from a tornado. We were supposed to hide. I don't know why, or what from, or WHO from, but we were supposed to find hiding places.

The nerdy girl knew the building's layout and took me to hiding places that nobody else knew about. We were in the lowest bowels of the building, bellying our way along a tiny crawlspace where we couldn't even stand up to run. Somewhere between sleep and wakefulness the illogic of our choice hit me. Lava is going to flow downward first and we will be fried. The thing to do would have been to get in a car and drive like hell. Any other choice was suicide.

This isn't the first dream that started with billowy white clouds in a clear blue sky and rapidly changed. The Santa Claus dream started out on a

clear day with cottony white clouds, and suddenly the "sun" sank down into the horizon in the middle of the afternoon, followed by strange sights in the sky. The Tire dream also started out on a sunny day where sunburn was an issue, and was quickly interrupted by dark smoke rolling across the sky and a tire-shaped UFO in the center of it.

In the Volcano dream, the unusual spectacle with the racing clouds, speeding whirlpools, hundred-foot wide pink lightning bolts, and a sunny blue sky which rapidly darkened could infer a UFO visitation. However, nothing elevates this dream to an abduction-type dream. It could signify the arrival of aliens during an end-of-the-world scenario, much as they appeared during the Earthquake dream. It could also just be an extremely vivid dream.

The Rapture

You cannot consider an end-of-the-world scenario with volcanoes and earthquakes without also wondering if there will be a Rapture as many people believe. The Rapture may be our only way off of a world that's about to blow as we haven't yet mastered the ability to relocate to other planets.

Allegedly the Rapture will come like a thief in the night, unexpected and without warning. In this dream my chance at the Rapture came in the form of a UFO and I missed my chance by lingering overlong.

UFO brings the Rapture: It was early morning and I was getting ready for work. Outside it was pitch black as when the moon is just a sliver. A man came and told me that it was time - there was no time to spare. If I wanted to go with him I had 3 minutes to prepare. There was a spaceship on the way and I was invited on board.

Imagine someone appearing out of nowhere and telling you that you had 3 minutes to board a ship that would take you away from your life here forever. You'd have no time to pack or even think about what to take with you. There wouldn't be enough time to say goodbye to your loved ones - for them you would simply disappear without a trace.

I said, "Now?!"

I wondered if I should grab my cats and run outside, holding them in my arms so that they could go with me. The man said that the ship was positioned in relationship to the sun such that it would arrive in exactly 3 minutes. I stood indecisively. Would another chance come and if so, when? I figured another ship wouldn't come for 40 years.

Instead of running outside immediately, I started moving palm plants that belonged to my neighbor as though it were a crucial task, and then I went outside to board the ship. I had no idea what I was supposed to do or where I was supposed to be so I stood on the lawn, looked up at the sky and waited.

Oh, the stars! I'd never seen so many up there before! Stars like you wouldn't believe filled the sky, mostly in thick belts. I gazed at the glorious stars with awe and waited for the spaceship, but nothing happened. Had I delayed too long? Had my 3 minutes been up before I'd gone outside?

I walked down the street and passed a nearby garage with a group of people inside. One of the people was my coworker, Dennis, who spotted me as I walked past and motioned for me to come into the garage.

"Sharon!"

"Dennis!"

We spoke briefly and then I went back outside to look at the stars, still hoping that I had not missed my chance.

I woke up quite suddenly in the early morning to a grey, rainy sky. I could hear the birds singing merry melodies and I wondered if they knew something I had missed. Their songs plucked at my heartstrings, being full of joy and gaiety and yet leaving me with a profound sadness.

My boyfriend was asleep next to me. Surprisingly, he did not wake up.

This dream left me full of raw emotions which I wrote down immediately. "I'm in shock! Like is this for real? Staring out at the grey sky with tears streaming down my face. Wow. I feel total shock as though just realizing that this is possible and could truly happen 'now.' I feel very close. I always knew it would be sudden but I never felt the jolt of the suddenness before. I **felt** what I imagine I will feel when the time comes. Maybe the dream was intended to prepare me so that I won't be shocked and blow it as I did in the dream?"

After logging the Rapture dream and my reaction to it, I went back to sleep and had another dream, this one involving a different aspect of UFOs. In hindsight, I wonder if the Rapture dream was intended to get me to "go

outside" as so many previous UFO dreams had done, but by utilizing a different tactic than before. Anything is possible when determining alien motives and this tactic was highly effective for getting me out the door.

Earthquake and mental probe: I was living in a house with a couple who had a daughter my age. Something had gone wrong with my car but now it was fixed and I drove to the end of the street to test it. My car was now A-OK. I left it at the end of the street, walked back to the house and got into bed. My bedroom had the appearance of an old-fashioned attic with wood-slat walls.

Strange bright lights appeared outside the window in either white or fluorescent green, along with a great wind. Suddenly my legs felt as if they were being squeezed, and someone was probing my mind. I sensed an alien being but I was not afraid as I did not believe that the alien was evil or meant to cause me harm.

I believed this to be a test that I must pass in order to do something but I couldn't quite remember the reason. I tried to cooperate but I couldn't handle the pressure on my left leg. The squeezing sensation was too tight and I gasped, opening my eyes.

Out the window I could see cars up in the air as if they were driving on invisible roads over the houses. Police cars were among them. My cats Sunshine and Hadji appeared to be okay but were huddled against the wall in fear. The event ended suddenly, leaving us all shook up but okay.

When morning came and I could see outside, the street was in shambles as though there had been an earthquake. The road was buckled in several places, making it impossible to drive on. The woman I was staying with told me that she had experienced bugs crawling all over everything during the night.

I wanted to check on my car. I wanted to call my place of work to see if I was expected there but her husband said that nobody would be expecting me at work today. Everyone was unsettled.

Then the dream shifted focus. Suddenly I felt very dirty. It seemed as if all the people and clothes were dirty. I desperately wanted to take a bath but something was wrong with the bathtub. I attempted to wash up in the bathroom sink but two men were outside the window and I couldn't get any privacy. The window shade wouldn't close all the way and they were watching me through the gap. I was naked and uncomfortably self-conscious.

The first dream left me with tears streaming down my face and a feeling of shock and great loss. I felt as if I'd missed out on the great

Rapture, that I'd been chosen but missed my chance by delaying for just a few moments. The message was powerful:

> When the Rapture comes for you, do not take time to think. Drop what you are doing IMMEDIATELY and get on board or you'll get left behind.

The second dream included strange lights out the window in conjunction with a great wind, a temporarily malfunctioning car, an alien mind probe with physical squeezing sensations, cars floating up in the air, fearful cats huddled against the wall, and "bugs all over everything" while the alien event was occurring. Add the reference to the shades not closing all the way and being watched through the window, and the details of this dream elevate it to an alien abduction scenario, especially coming right on the heels of the Rapture dream.

In the end it showed the world after what appeared to be an earthquake. Was this a glimpse into the future? A warning not to delay when the opportunity comes? Or was it simply yet another midnight rendezvous with my longtime alien visitors? Was it another surfacing memory from childhood, with its reference to the attic with wood-slat walls and being watched through a window with a shade that wouldn't close? If so, then how do you explain driving a car?

Knowing that our alien visitors can implant virtually any image in our minds, including religious images, implies that they could easily bring the Rapture and make it appear as a Christian event to the Christians, a Buddhist event to the Buddhists, or a UFO event to those who'd embrace such a thing. The aliens can mask a real event with a holographic event which feels real in every sense right down to the sounds and smells you experience.

The Rapture itself has different meanings depending on your religious and spiritual beliefs. The term "rapture" derives from words which translate as "seizure, rape, kidnapping" or "a carrying off" in Latin. The Greek translation of the Bible states that "we shall be caught up" or "taken away" quite suddenly, as with my dream which gave only a 3 minute warning. Other biblical translations use "rushed" as well as "suddenly caught up" or "snatched up."

According to the Bible, the Rapture will come "like a thief in the night" with no forewarning. The Lord himself will "descend" from "heaven" with a shout, and carry up those who have "fallen asleep" as well

as those who are still alive. All of the Raptured will be caught up together "with them in the clouds to meet the Lord in the air."

In the biblical book *Revelation*, there is a "new heaven" and a "new earth" where the Raptured will live, and which describes a glorious crystalline city garnished with colorful jewels and pearly gates in a world that needs no sun or moon.

Various translations of the word "heaven" include "heights, elevation, sky, clouds," and "whirlwind." Some translations refer to the "saints" or the "elect" being taken up in the Rapture. As part of being Raptured, we will receive glorified new bodies, as "flesh and blood" cannot inherit the kingdom of heaven. The prophesy states that "we will all be changed" from our earthly bodies into our heavenly bodies. Jesus made references to not being of this world, and having sheep not of this fold.

> And he said unto them, Ye are from beneath; I am from above. Ye are of this world; I am not of this world.
>
> And other sheep I have, which are not of this fold. Them also must I bring.

Following the Rapture is a great judgement upon the Earth which includes earthquakes, mighty winds, fire, hail, hunger, darkness, and death to those left behind to suffer the horrors. As only a select few will be saved from the horrors to come, you cannot help but wonder about the rest of your family. Will the "elect" be given the choice as I was to go or not to go? I've thought long and hard about the notion of a choice and the impact that such a choice would have.

I have a husband and two dogs who I love so much that I cannot imagine leaving any of them behind to suffer through hell. I cannot imagine leaving my husband to go to a place of peace and abundance, knowing that he would be left to suffer untold agonies without even the comfort of a wife to hold his hand. I cannot imagine leaving the dogs, which in my heart is the same as a mother leaving her children, forever after to wonder what horrid fates befell them without my protection.

If you were given the choice, and the rest of your family was not, could you so easily just walk away and leave them behind to suffer starvation, war, earthquakes, and every other manner of hell that you could imagine on earth?

Think about this... anyone who could easily walk off into a happy sunset and leave their loved ones to suffer through hell would not likely be

chosen if the criteria is to be saintly. This creates quite an unpleasant paradox. I have no doubt that most people would simply choose to believe that their entire families would be taken to the new world together. God help them if they arrive on the other side and find it isn't so.

The Rapture has been predicted to occur numerous times beginning with the year 70 A.D. Other predictions had the Rapture coming in 1844, 1914, 1918, 1925, 1942, 1981, 1988, 1989, 1992, 1993, 1994, 2011 and 2060. My Rapture dream occurred in 1987.

If there is a possibility that UFOs will bring the lifeboats that carry us away from a world that is ending, consider the implications of such a scenario. They would be bringing us to a completely different planet that might be radically different from our own. Are we physically compatible with this new world? Based on what little we know of the aliens, probably not.

That leaves us with what they'd need to do in order to ensure our ability to live on their world, or another world which they would transport us to. Would they need to manipulate our DNA to create compatibility? Is this the "new body" we'll be changed into?

Even the biblical story describes the new world as being different from our Earth, needing no sun or moon, unless that is a reference to the UFO itself and artificial lighting. It says that flesh and blood cannot inherit the kingdom and that we will all be changed from our earthly bodies into our heavenly bodies. It promises a "new heaven" and a "new earth" where we will live in our new bodies. Not to disrespect anyone's religious beliefs, but when you look at the message you cannot help but wonder at the implications. If the religious elite know this, it's easy to see why they wouldn't be sharing the info with the rest of us.

Looking at the other side of the coin, the biblical story also warns of false prophets who will come first and the antichrist who will lure people down a false road. I have no doubt that an alien Rapture would be seen in this light by many, who would refuse to go if they believed that UFOs were involved. With the alien's ability to implant virtually any vision and show us any face that we might expect to see, I'd be fascinated to witness such a Rapture with the ability to see both the implanted visions and the real images behind them. Waking life, dreams, UFO screen memories, and religious events often interconnect or overlap in surprising ways.

In re-reading the King James Version of the New Testament in search of what Jesus said about the power of belief, I came across an interesting discovery: Important messages often came in the form of dreams. In the book of *Matthew*, the angel of the Lord appeared to Joseph **in a dream** and told him not to fear taking Mary as his wife, for the child she was carrying was of the Holy Ghost. The angel then instructed Joseph to name the boy-child Jesus.

Then a bright star appeared in the sky and guided the wise men to Jesus, stopping when it was positioned over where Jesus was. Once they had worshipped the holy child and given their gifts, God warned them **in a dream** not to report to Herod.

An angel of the Lord then appeared to Joseph **in a dream**, and told him to take Mary and Jesus and flee to Egypt, and remain there in hiding until the angel called for him again, as King Herod would destroy the child Jesus if they remained. The warning was well heeded because immediately Herod ordered every child of two years old and under to be destroyed with the goal of destroying Jesus. After Herod died, an angel of the Lord appeared to Joseph again **in a dream** and told him that it was safe to venture forth into the land of Israel, as those who sought to kill the child were now dead.

In the first two chapters of the New Testament, four different incidences of an angel appearing in a dream with an important message from the Lord or from God were put forth, along with a bright star in the sky which moved very specifically in order to guide the wise men.

The Bible also predicted that in the last days, many people would prophesy, dream dreams, and see visions.

> And it shall come to pass in the last days, saith God, I will pour out of my Spirit upon all flesh: and your sons and your daughters shall prophesy, and your young men shall see visions, and your old men shall dream dreams...
>
> And I will show wonders in heaven above, and signs in the earth beneath; blood, and fire, and vapor of smoke. The sun shall be turned into darkness, and the moon into blood, before that great and notable day of the Lord come.

Biblical events often mirrored the descriptions given of UFO encounters, especially in regards to the end of the world.

And when he had spoken these things, while they beheld, he was taken up and a cloud received him out of their sight. And while they looked steadfastly toward heaven as he went up, behold, two men stood by them in white apparel which also said, Ye men of Galilee, why stand ye gazing up into heaven? This same Jesus, which is taken up from you into heaven, shall so come in like manner as ye have seen him go into heaven.

Jesus described the end of the world and the time of his return preceded by wars, earthquakes, famines, and pestilences, and while there will be many false reports that he has come, when it actually happens, there won't be a doubt.

As the lightning comes out of the east and shines unto the west, so shall his coming be. The sun will be darkened, the moon will not give off her light, and the stars will fall from heaven. The sea and the waves will roar. Men's hearts will fail them for fear, for the powers of heaven shall be shaken. Then they shall see the Son of man coming in a cloud with power and great glory. He shall send his angels to gather together his elect.

As it was in the days of Noah, so shall it be in the days of the Son of man. Likewise as it was in the days of Lot, when it rained fire and brimstone from heaven and destroyed them all, thus shall it be in the day when the Son of man is revealed. There will be no warning and there will be no time to prepare.

Let him which is on the housetop not come down to take any thing out of his house. Neither let him which is in the field return back to take his clothes.

Two will be working in the field; One shall be taken and the other left. Two will be grinding at the mill; One shall be taken and the other left... There shall be two in one bed; one shall be taken, and the other shall be left.

Like my Rapture dream, no time is given to gather your belongings, and typical to UFO abductions one is taken while the other is left behind. What determines who gets taken? Believing in Jesus? Living your life in a saintly manner? Being a good person? Or have the aliens marked or tagged specific humans to come and collect later based on genetics, psychic ability, or some other factor known only to the aliens? Maybe they'll take strong, hardy, young adults to become the parents of a new world. Perhaps it's a combination of factors.

Or perhaps being tagged is the equivalent to the Mark of the Beast. Are the aliens the antichrist that the Bible warns of? Or are they our lifeboats to a brave new world? I honestly don't know. Like everyone else, I'm simply trying to figure it out. Would I want to go with them? If our world was coming to an end then yes, I'd want to go to safety. I would choose life over death. However, I don't think I'd go if it meant leaving my family behind.

Alien Worlds

So what might we expect from a brave new world? I couldn't even begin to guess even though I dreamed that I'd witnessed life on other worlds. In one dream that ended up as just a couple of brief sentences in my dream log, I mentioned a big city, other worlds, and the people on those other worlds as being darker in color - not very descriptive to say the least.

In another dream of which I still remember the powerful emotions, there were golden sea oats. While the dream doesn't sound otherworldly, I felt very strongly that what I'd witnessed was not of our Earth. The colors were more vivid and vibrant than words can describe, and they glowed. I was totally in awe of this incredible place. Note that while the dream references sea oats, the plant itself was actually a variety of pampas grass.

Golden sea oats: Mom and I were vacationing at the ocean. As far as the eye could see were golden sea oats with giant, feathery plumes atop tall stalks. So vivid was their golden color that they seemed to glow. The field of sea oats was

growing for miles along the beach and far out into the water which made the ocean look like a marsh. They seemed to go on forever.

All of the sea oats were leaning just a touch to the left as if caressed by a gentle breeze and it reminded me of a field of wheat swaying in the wind. I stood in awe gazing over the miles of glowing golden sea oats, breathtaking in their natural beauty and undisturbed by mankind in any way. There wasn't even a human walking along the shore to disturb the natural beauty.

Even inland there were golden sea oats decorating lawns and bordering trees in front of the houses. Along one road every growing thing you could see was a shimmering gold color just like the sea oats, except for the azalea bushes and dogwood trees.

Vibrant red and pink azaleas virtually popped out against the shimmering golden grass, and while most trees had glowing golden leaves, the dogwood trees were green with pink or white flowers as one would expect.

The colors shimmered and glowed in their vibrancy which is what made the dream feel so otherworldly. On a more earthly note, what I witnessed was similar to a typical Southern spring except for the golden aspects, which is one of the reasons that I settled in the Southeast.

Where the Sea Oats dream felt like I'd visited an alien world that took the beauty of our own world and amplified it, a dream the following year felt more like I was being sucked into an evil black hole.

Alien animals: Something had happened to slightly change the Earth - a war? I did not describe what the changes were and the dream immediately switched scenes.

A few friends and I were walking down a city street lined with trees and buildings. The streets were deserted and eerily silent except for our presence, as if we were the only people left on Earth.

I found what looked like a voodoo mask with slit eyes lying on the stretch of grass between the sidewalk and the street. It was a solid color mask of a yellow/brown/green hue with little hairs hanging off the sides. I picked it up and decided to keep it.

A friend walking up ahead saw something down a lane to the right and called for my assistance. Down the lane we encountered a strange looking animal the likes of which I'd never seen before.

The animal was similar in shape to a dog and it was the size of a large dog, but it wasn't a dog. It had skinny, spindly legs, tall pointed ears, and glowing eyes that were a golden-yellow color. There was something sharp and well-defined

about its shape but the most vivid aspect was its color - a deep black that wasn't like any black I'd seen on Earth. This black seemed to be from another place and time, more black than black, a deep piercing black that seemed to go on for eternity. It was almost as if the blackness were alive in itself.

Then a large, cat-like animal joined the dog-creature. It had the same penetrating black color with golden-yellow eyes and the cat-creature was BIG. It reminded me of a black panther. Both animals were definitely predatory and they stalked us as a cat would stalk a bird, silently like shadows with their glowing yellow eyes following our every move.

The dog-creature was lightening fast - faster than a cheetah which is considered to be the fastest land animal on Earth. Cheetahs can reach speeds of 75 miles per hour making this dog-creature faster than most cars traveling down the interstate.

I set out to protect my friend who was in danger from the animals but the cat-creature started to chase me so I ran. Somehow I knew that the cat-creature couldn't climb so I headed for the nearest tree, but the cat-creature was too fast and quickly caught up with me.

With nowhere else to run, I took to the air and flew. As always, with my flying not being perfected, I flew low near the ground and almost got bit by the cat-creature. I managed to stay just inches out of reach. While I didn't make it to the tree, I did make it to the top of a dingy, odd-shaped building with a multi-level roof.

The cat-creature was determined to catch me and started to operate a piece of construction equipment that would lift the dog-creature up onto my roof. I was running out of options for escape. I must have worn out my flying ability for the time being because I sort of jumped to go over a big wooden fence and fell short, toppling the fence over with me on top of it. I landed in a pile of trash and buried myself under the trash and the fence to hide.

Then the dream switched gears again and I was in a house with the cat-creature. My two cats Sunshine and Hadji were there and I was trying to protect them from the cat-creature which I knew would kill them. I threw a large, brown, plastic garbage bag over the cat-creature's head to confuse it. The last thing I saw before covering its head were the golden yellow eyes fastened upon me. The ploy worked but the cat-creature did get me with its claws.

Note that the creatures were highly intelligent and adept enough to operate machinery. While I compared them to our cats and dogs, there was

something very different about them, especially the blackness. It was almost as if the creatures themselves were doors to the dark side. Their blackness was deep and penetrating and it felt like a black hole in space that was trying to suck me in.

I've since heard similar descriptions given for what it's like to look into the black eyes of the aliens. In addition, screen memories may substitute the alien's black, piercing eyes for other black things which are less frightening. For that reason, I now believe that the dream did not involve cat- and dog-creatures at all, but was simply a screen memory for looking into the eyes of the aliens.

If you isolate the description of the animals and attribute it to the aliens, you come up with a highly intelligent being, who is lightning fast, has the ability to move in complete silence like a shadow, and is predatory, unable to climb or fly, yet dangerous and determined. Now THAT is a world I would NOT want to Rapture off to!

I woke up feeling as if I'd visited another place, not of this Earth or not of this realm. The dream felt highly significant and set apart from my normal dreams. In addition, I had another dream which immediately followed the Alien Animals dream.

To understand the significance of this next dream you need to know that I absolutely LOVE to dance. Any opportunity to dance would be taken up in a heartbeat so yes, it would make a good lure if you were going to try to catch this fish.

Telekinesis: I was in a place with a large wooden floor perfect for dancing. I began to dance but my shoes were impeding me and I couldn't get it right. I took off my shoes but the socks made the floor too slippery so I put the shoes back on. I just couldn't get it right. I was embarrassed at my failed attempts as there were other people around, specifically other girls.

These girls were in small work cubicles and I got the impression that they were studying. Before I could get comfortable on the dance floor, I got pulled away to go for testing. In testing they used a magnet, a paper clip and little pieces of something. The paper clip pulled all the little pieces toward it.

The girls who were studying said that either it or I had a very high incidence of some sort of power. It wasn't clear as to whether they were referring to me or to the object as having the power. I don't recall the word they used to describe the power - Kinetic? Psychic? Telekinetic? I smiled and said I could have told them that.

There ended what I remember of the dreams that night. The dreams began with a voodoo mask and alien creatures who did not seem to be from Earth, and a blackness which is indicative of descriptions of what it's like to look into alien eyes. Creatures were after me and I was flying up into the air, which is a typical screen memory for the beginning of an alien abduction especially when you add the penetrating blackness.

Then the dreams move into a scenario for psychic or mind testing of some sort. I believe that the girls studying in cubicles were a screen for the aliens studying me during the tests. I knew when I woke up that the dreams were not ordinary dreams. I knew they were significant and important, which lends even more credence to the abduction theory.

In reading this you might think that all I ever dreamed about were UFOs and aliens, but my dream logs included hundreds of other dreams of a more ordinary nature. Had I known in those days that I'd later be dissecting the dreams and compiling them into a book, I would have tried to recapture more detail. I would have been fuller with the descriptions, especially of the actual UFOs and aliens that I witnessed in the dreams. I would have taken pencil to paper and attempted to sketch them.

My husband is always amazed when I share a dream with him. I no longer write them down as none seem very significant, but the more vivid dreams do get retold verbally. He marvels at my ability to remember the details.

The "power of the mind" aspect of the Telekinesis dream is of particular interest. We can only guess why the aliens target specific people. Is it a genetic component or simply random, much as we capture animals in the wild as test samples of the population?

The argument for randomness falls apart when one person in a group is taken up while the others are left behind. The aliens may take one person from their bed while leaving the spouse behind in an abnormally heavy sleep state. Why not take both if it's simply a matter of random selection?

Some UFO researchers believe that abductions run in families and span generations, which supports the theory that they are targeting people based on genetics. What if there is also a psychic component involved? Whether they were born with the abilities or had them "tweaked" during an abduction is one of the questions hanging out there.

As a child I had at least two dreams that were precognitive. In one instance my best friend and I were playing and I realized that a few days earlier I had dreamed the afternoon in almost exact detail, right down to our conversation verbatim.

It was not a simple feeling of deja vu where you feel that this has happened before; I had actually witnessed the afternoon already in a dream. While there was no great revelation involved, it was an interesting experience and I wanted it to happen again. Through the years I tried to harness whatever had shown me the future in those childhood dreams. That may have been one of the reasons I kept dream logs, to test whether any of my adult dreams were precognitive.

While I did not harness the precognitive ability as I'd hoped, I did come away with a very strong intuitive ability which did sometimes guide me toward a good outcome or away from a dangerous one. While that is a topic I'd like to share in greater detail, it would take up another book in itself.

What I don't know is whether there is any connection between the early precognitive episodes, the later intuitive episodes, and the UFO alien encounters. It's not uncommon for an abductee to experience increased psychic or intuitive abilities after a UFO encounter. Considering the proficiency that the aliens have in manipulating our memories, we can only guess as to what else they can do to our minds.

Judge Not the Alien Agenda

We all have theories as to what the aliens are doing to us. Are they simply studying us as we would a new species of monkey? Are they stealing our babies and mutilating our cows? Are they abducting us for diabolical experiments of some sort? Are they manipulating our genes? Are they grooming us for some future purpose? Have they been actively involved in our growth through the millennia? Will they fly in and save us from the end of our world? The answers are a subject of hot debate. The truth is that we don't know; we're all just guessing based on our personal biases and beliefs.

Being indignant that they'd dare do anything to us without our explicit consent, however, is an interesting topic - especially when you consider our own view of other species. I believe that if you saw humanity through an alien's eyes, you wouldn't want to be saving us when Earth goes poof. If they do become the agents of our Rapture, we better be mighty thankful because it's easy to see why the gods of Noah's flood almost let us drown as a species.

There is a fascinating theory behind Noah's flood as put forth by the late Zecharia Sitchin in his book *The Wars of Gods and Men*. Sitchin claims that the story of Noah's flood along with our own creation are told in fuller detail in ancient Sumerian and Mesopotamian texts, and that alien beings were involved in both.

Ancient astronaut theorists such as Sitchin have been studying age-old texts, monuments, artifacts, myths, legends, and other clues which support the theory of long-term and ongoing contact by the aliens, who've been presented as everything from gods to demons throughout the millennia. Some have even linked the aliens to our spiritual growth using the vehicle of religion.

This chapter might come off as a little bit preachy so if you're not on board, this is your stop to get off. Apparently it's common for an alien abductee to come away from the experience with an expanded view of the world. We become more aware of the fragility and ecological balance of the planet, and of issues relating to humanity as a species rather than in single units.

Abductees become interested in our personal ability to chart the course of our lives. We tune into our intuitive and psychic abilities. I've embraced all of the above although I cannot say that alien contact is responsible. Did they have a hand in shaping my beliefs? Do they attempt to impart messages by showing us images of earthquakes, wars, ecological disasters and so forth? That's another question which has been much debated.

That the aliens have been visiting Earth for thousands of years and haven't attacked us should be the first clue. If their goal was to annihilate us, they could have done so eons ago so obviously their mission is not hostile in that regard. If their goal was to eat us or enslave us as some science fiction portrays, they wouldn't be bringing us back after an abduction.

As for why they are coming here, think about it. If we had the ability to fly a starship to another galaxy, we'd be zipping all over the universe. We'd be establishing colonies, studying the life forms, and attempting to communicate with those life forms if they appeared to be humanoid or intelligent. With that in mind, how would other life forms perceive our actions toward them?

Humans abducting other species: Not that I'm defending the alien's actions in abducting us, but think about how we study other species on our own planet. We go off into the jungles and capture the wild animals we find there. The animals have NO idea who we are or what we want. All they know is that something scary is chasing after them and when it catches one, that one disappears, sometimes forever. If it comes back to the fold it may be mentally or physically traumatized.

How do we catch the animal? We may throw a net over it, or capture it in a trap of some sort. We may shoot it with a tranquilizer gun. The animal does NOT understand that we "mean it no harm" and in some cases, we actually do mean it harm. From the animal's perspective we shot it with a sharp, pointy, painful object and then it passed out. When it woke up, we probably had it strapped to a medical table.

As part of our "catch and release" programs we implant locator beacons. We abduct other species and put them in zoos for the rest of their lives. We abduct and breed animals to sell as pets. We hunt them down for food, for sport, and sometimes to collect trinkets such as tusks or antlers. We hunt them for musk and ambergris to manufacture perfume. If we believe their population is getting out of control, or if they are infringing on our territory such as wolves killing livestock, we reduce their population. In addition, we use them for lab testing of our personal products, medicines, and as early warning systems of toxic conditions such as the Miner's Canary.

I'm not passing judgement because I do eat meat, I have an aquarium full of fish, and I keep cats and dogs as pets. I actively seek out and destroy life forms such as fleas and cockroaches. I'm just as guilty as everybody else in my treatment of other species. I'm simply providing analogies for the alien agenda.

The point is that the aliens are simply doing to us what we do to other life forms, so getting on your high horse asking, "How dare they?" or calling them evil makes no sense. If they are evil, horrible creatures then we

must be, too. Remember the old saying, "Judge not, lest ye be judged?" Well it's coming home to roost and it's riding in on a UFO.

Let's take this one step further and address the argument, "Don't they know we're intelligent? Shouldn't they treat us with respect? After all, we are special - we are humanoid and we have souls." We are probably about as humanoid to the aliens as monkeys are to us - possessing two arms, two legs, fingers, toes, a similar facial configuration, and the ability to walk upright. Monkeys are intelligent, they solve problems, they learn sign language, and they fashion tools to assist them in their daily lives. We do NOT, however, elevate their "human rights" status to the level of a human.

While we think we're something special for building rocket ships, electric cars, cell phones and the internet, the UFO aliens are so far beyond us technologically that for all we know, our accomplishments may appear more like a monkey using a pointed stick to catch a fish.

Humans should be respected: The argument that we are special because we have souls doesn't even fly. We don't know anything about the aliens, how they treat their own kind, or how they live on their own planet. We cannot even begin to guess at their spiritual beliefs, or if such a thing even exists for them. We do not know if they possess a soul or spirit independent of their body as some believe we do. Jesus himself mentioned having "other sheep which are not of this flock" and while many have put forth theories, none can say absolutely that the "other sheep" all live on planet Earth.

Taking the question of souls one step further, on our own planet there've been hundreds of different religions if you go back through the centuries and include ancient civilizations such as the Aztecs, Mayans, Native Americans, Druids, Ancient Egyptians, and so forth. The belief systems of some religions can be *radically* different from the others.

Some consider cows sacred. Some consider pigs unclean. Some consider all life forms sacred and wouldn't even kill a bug. Some sacrifice animals or even humans in gruesome ceremonies. Some thank the animals we eat for giving up their life on our dinner plate. Some burn their dead. Some bury their dead. Some mummify their dead. Some burn or bury the living alongside the dead. Some believe that certain groups of humans should have lesser rights, such as other races or genders. All believe in their own rightness.

Even now we fight holy wars as we've done for thousands of years, killing each other over religious differences. We cannot agree among our own species on what it means to have a soul.

Personally, I believe that every religion has a piece of the right answer, as if it were a giant jigsaw puzzle. Each religion has one or more pieces of the truth, but none have the full truth. Only together can the whole puzzle be put together and seen as the big picture.

I do not believe that belonging to a specific religious group will "save" you while all the others perish. I do believe, however, that the various religions have a powerful purpose in attempting to reign in our ugly side and teach us to be kinder to one another. We still haven't mastered the art of respecting our own species. If we do not respect ourselves, how can we expect the aliens to respect us?

Genetic manipulation and overall treatment of humans: As for the genetic manipulations that many believe they are involved in, there are several possible explanations - not all of which are evil.

1. The aliens may be dying off on their own world and they're trying to figure out how to save themselves. They might be attempting to inject our DNA into their sequence in the hopes that they can breathe new life into their future generations.

2. Maybe they are simply mad scientists looking to create a new species by blending us with either themselves or some other species, just to see if it can be done. Keep in mind that our own scientists do this, sometimes with disastrous effects upon the test subjects. Grafting body parts of one animal onto another is just one of the diabolical experiments that our own scientists have undertaken in their quest to "see if it can be done."

3. In keeping with the dark side assumptions, maybe they want to colonize Earth but it is incompatible to their physiology. The solution would be to use our DNA to change their own physiology so that future generations of aliens could swoop in and take over.

4. On a more human note, perhaps they know that our Earth is coming to an end and they are preparing us genetically so that they can relocate our species to a new world.

5. Or maybe they think we're hot and they want to steal our women for their own sexual pleasures but first, they have to make our women compatible enough to live on their world.

6. What if they need slave labor on their planet, but we must be genetically altered in order to survive in their environment?

There is not one possibility on the list that we wouldn't do ourselves, even the sex object scenario. Humans kidnap other humans every single day to use as sex slaves, forced military service, slave labor, and not so very long ago for food or religious sacrifice. Humans have been forced to fight to the death in gladiator games. We treat each other horribly and we always have. We kill each other over boundary lines and religious beliefs. Some humans kill others simply for the pleasure of it.

In addition, our methods of killing can be truly gruesome: burning at the stake, chopping off one's head, ripping the heart out of the living body, walking the plank to a forced drowning or shark food, hanging at the gallows, stoning, hand-to-hand fights to the death, being buried alive, not to mention the methods used by murderers for fun.

I'm sure that the aliens are fully aware of our own actions and they may not see it as a few isolated humans behaving badly. In light of the big picture, one could only guess at how they think we deserve to be treated while in their care, especially when you look at the ways in which we treat each other.

Perhaps there is a lesson in all this. If we want the aliens to respect us, maybe we should be doing a better job in respecting one another. Maybe that's what Judgement Day is all about and the religions got it right even if a few details are off.

Once you consider how the aliens might look at us, go one step further and look at how we treat those we consider to be lesser beings such as dogs, who are a much beloved species to many of us.

Even a dog who lives in our home is still treated as a dog. His natural behavior is not acceptable to us. We are not happy when he potties in the house, barks all day, hunts down and kills other animals such as cats, or chews on the furniture. In order to prevent destructive behavior and teach obedience, we may crate our beloved dog, or fit him with a shock or prong collar. It is against the law in most areas to let him run loose and his relationship under us is of personal ownership.

Instead of chasing down smaller animals for food which is great fun for a dog, we feed him crunchy kibble which bears no resemblance whatsoever to his natural food source. Dogs are predisposed to run in packs but in our homes, we often have a single dog, isolating him from his own

kind which goes against the very grain of his species. We don't even let him choose his own mate, pairing him off with our own selection of a mate based on our concept of doggie perfection.

When he attempts to behave like a dog we reprimand him. For example, a dog in the wild will chew on sticks. We bring him into the house, he looks for a stick to chew on and finds a table leg. Bad Dog! So we "train" him NOT to behave like a dog.

In addition, we train him to **obey us** as the Big Boss whether he likes it or not. Some treat their dogs with love and kindness while others treat their dogs horribly. Either way, dogs are not given the freedom to live as they were born to live.

This is how we treat our beloved dogs on a good day. I won't even go into how they get treated on a bad day by scientists, cruel humans, bad owners, or even good owners having a bad day. In spite of all they bring to our table such as companionship, assisting us with handicaps, assisting us with a wide variety of jobs, and so forth, we still kill them by the millions in shelters. We love them, but when they go homeless we kill them. That is our definition of how to treat a non-human species which we hold in high regard.

Now let's walk a mile in their paws, with the aliens as our keepers and the assumption that the aliens hold us in high regard. Keep in mind that the aliens are far ahead of us technologically so we are lower beings on their totem pole. Even with love there is no perfect master.

If the aliens treated us the same as we treat our beloved and esteemed dogs, how would we perceive it? Would the aliens "train" us NOT to behave as we normally would? Would they ban singing, dancing, and reading books? Would they prohibit us from talking to one another like dogs barking in the back yard? Would they isolate us to where we'd rarely have the freedom to interact with other humans? Maybe they'd think we were suffering from overpopulation and work to reduce our numbers. Maybe they'd stick us in a cage with a member of the opposite sex in the hopes of us mating, and make a movie of it for television. Maybe they'd put leashes on our necks and take us for a walk around the park.

We would consider this cruel and inhuman treatment. We would call the aliens all manner of horrible creatures which brings us back again to "judge not" and "do unto others." It's amazing what the biblical teachings really mean when you step back and take a good hard look at the world.

Let's take it up a notch and now we are with the aliens on another planet. The first generation would remember the freedom of our life on Earth - vacationing at the beach, riding a bicycle, dancing at a nightclub, camping in the mountains, watching baseball, playing poker, and drinking beer with the guys. They would be unhappy.

The second generation would have no direct memory but they would grow up hearing the tales of their fathers of the life they should be living. The stories would still feel real.

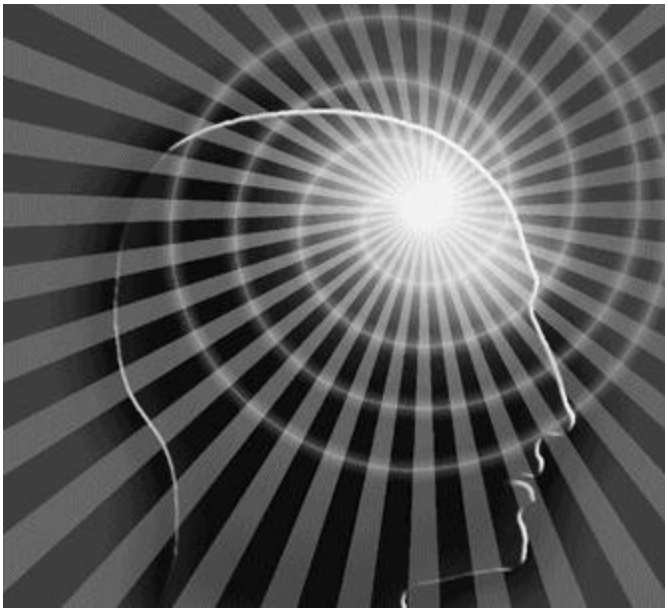
By the time you got to the fourth generation, the forefathers would have long since passed away along with their stories. Tales of life on Earth would be nothing more than words in a book about a long ago generation, about as meaningful as life on the Wild West frontier is to us - fascinating, but having no real effect on our perception of joy and happiness in the now.

Whatever the aliens are doing here, one thing is certain - they've done nothing to us that we haven't done ourselves. To judge them harshly, we must also judge ourselves harshly. While we can only speculate on their true purpose, that they haven't annihilated us, and that they sometimes bring about positive changes in our mass consciousness are clues that I choose to hold onto in favor of the "good alien" theories.

In addition, ancient astronaut theorists suggest that aliens are behind everything from the missing link to religious visitations such as Moses and the Ten Commandments, Elijah's Whirlwind, and Our Lady of Fatima. Ancient texts from around the world support theories which change the very nature of stories such as Noah's flood, man's creation, Greek legends, Irish myths, angels, demons, and other mythical tales.

If there is even a grain of truth to the theories, it suggests that the aliens bring about changes for the positive, creating beliefs that guide us into some of the most important tenets of all: Love one another and treat others as you would wish them to treat you. Do unto others and judge not. Do not kill, steal, lie, or intentionally cause harm or grief to another. Treat everyone with respect, even the lowliest stranger. Honor and respect other species, no matter how insignificant you consider them to be.

Latent Abilities



In addition to the treatment of others, be they human or otherwise, the aliens attempt to help us tap into the power that we hold within us. Once you've stripped away all judgement against them by comparing their actions to our own, the next step is to look at their activities without the stigma of evil. Is there anything of interest that they bring to the table? Are there potential benefits to mankind from our interactions with the aliens? What have we got to gain?

Of the human mind: In compiling this book and studying every experience I've ever had regarding the aliens, I see a pattern that goes far beyond a simple abduction/probe/release scenario or genetic manipulation. Most abductees describe lying on a table being probed with medical instruments, encountering hybrid babies, and sperm/egg/fetus implants or extractions. My recollections do not involve body probes. Virtually every dream-memory that I have beyond the actual abduction sequence involves mental testing or solving a puzzle. The primary focus appears to be on the power of the mind to solve problems and puzzles, and utilize psychic or telekinetic abilities.

The question then becomes: For what purpose? Are they attempting to teach us how to use our own psychic abilities? Are they teaching us things in secret for a future purpose as we would a sleeper agent? Is their goal to improve the human species? Or are we just rats in a maze? Someday we'll undoubtedly have the answers but for today all we can do is speculate.

Even among our own scientists the battle rages on regarding the relationship between our brain, our mind, and our mental abilities. One sector claims that we are using only 10% of our brainpower while another sector completely discredits the notion.

In addition, the issue of the spirit or soul and its relation to the physical body has stymied mankind from the beginning. There is no end in sight to the religious disagreements over what we're supposed to be learning as a species and how the soul and/or spirit fits into it all.

For all the disagreements, however, there is a point that virtually everyone agrees on: The human mind and the human spirit are powerful possessions and we do not fully understand how they work. That they are an amazing resource is undisputed.

These resources give us the ability to accomplish virtually any task. Even the impossible is within our reach if we can simply just believe in our ability to do so. Mankind has accomplished so many feats that were once thought impossible. We've traveled to the moon, replaced the human heart, and successfully cloned a variety of animals.

All it takes is for someone to believe that it can be done, and then devote themselves to the accomplishment of the task. It may take generations of believers working on the problem before the final result is successful. In the same manner in which our mind can assemble the building blocks to create amazing technology, it can also manifest miracles in our personal lives. The concept of "mind over matter" is finally beginning to find acceptance, even in the scientific and medical communities.

For example, the Mayo Clinic in their definition of biofeedback describes it as giving you "the power to use your thoughts to control your body" where you can "learn to control bodily functions, such as your heart rate, using your mind."

Tibetan monks have been known to raise the temperature of their fingers and toes by as much as 17 degrees using advanced meditation techniques, according to an article in the *Harvard University Gazette*

entitled "Meditation Changes Temperatures" by William J. Cromie. The article went on to describe other monks who had the ability to lower their body metabolism by 64%. These are amazing mental accomplishments.

In 1960, *Research Quarterly of the American Association for Health, Physical Education, & Recreation* reported on a study which has become known as the "Basketball Experiment." The study was originally detailed in a 420-page work by L. Verdelle Clark entitled, *Effect of Mental Practice on the Development of a Certain Motor Skills,* which was published in 1958 by Wayne State University.

I first heard about the Basketball Experiment in the book *Psycho-Cybernetics* by Maxwell Maltz, M.D. This is one of my favorite books on the power of our minds to influence our lives in a variety of ways.

The Basketball Experiment studied the ability of mental practice to improve a physical outcome. Students were divided into three groups and scored on their ability to sink basketball free throws. For the next 20 days, the first group was instructed to physically practice sinking the basketball for 20 minutes a day. The second group was instructed not to practice basketball, or to watch or even think about basketball. The third group spent 20 minutes a day visualizing that they were practicing basketball free throws, but not actually touching a basketball. Their practice was 100% in their minds. If during their visualization they missed the basket, they were instructed to correct their aim accordingly.

At the end of 20 days all three groups were tested again. The group who did not practice physically or mentally showed no improvement. The group that physically practiced improved by 24%. The amazing results were in the final group, who practiced *mentally* but not *physically* and yet improved by 23%, almost as much as the group who practiced physically! Our minds are truly amazing, a fact which the aliens are probably more aware of than we are.

The Mayo Clinic, Tibetan monks, plus a growing body of scientists and doctors all believe in the power of the mind and what it can accomplish. Even in the Bible, we are told of the miracles that we can perform if we simply have faith and believe that it is possible.

Jesus manifested incredible miracles during his life, *and his followers did the same*. He cured otherwise incurable diseases including palsy, leprosy, lunacy, lameness, deafness, as well as healing the maimed and those who were possessed with devils.

When he saw the multitudes of people that were so afflicted, he called his twelve disciples and "gave them power" to cast out unclean spirits, and to heal all manner of sickness and disease.

The apostles healed the lame, the sick, the palsied, raised the dead, *and so did their disciples do miracles*. In other words, the ability to perform miracles wasn't limited to Jesus or even his twelve apostles - others were blessed with the ability as well. Several men, including two named Stephen and Philip, performed miracles after the apostles laid hands on them.

"... whom they set before the apostles: and when they had prayed, they laid their hands on them. And the word of God increased; and the number of disciples multiplied...

And Stephen, full of faith and power, did great wonders and miracles among the people...

And the people with one accord gave heed unto those things which Philip spake, hearing and seeing the miracles which he did."

Jesus' apostles, and the disciples of his apostles, were now manifesting miracles just as he was, *according to their faith*, but Jesus' miracles went far beyond healing the sick.

When great storms put the ship he was traveling on at peril, he rebuked the winds and the raging sea to the amazement of his disciples who wondered what manner of man had such power that even the winds and the sea obeyed him. He raised the dead, including a man who'd been dead for four days. Jesus healed the blind, first asking the blind man whether he believed that Jesus had the ability to heal him. When the blind man answered yes, Jesus replied that according to his faith, he would be healed and he was. To one woman who was cured of the plague when she touched the hem of his garment he said, "Thy faith has made thee whole."

Meanwhile, in his own country, the opposite occurred. They saw him as the son of a carpenter - an ordinary man. He did not perform many mighty works because of their unbelief.

In addition to performing acts of healing and controlling the weather, he fed 5000 men with 5 loaves of bread and 2 fish. When all were done eating and had full bellies, there remained 12 baskets of uneaten food. He walked on the water of the sea to reach the ship where he had sent his disciples, and bade Peter to walk on the sea as well. Peter did so

successfully, but soon became afraid and lost his faith, whereby he began to sink.

"And Peter answered him and said, Lord, if it be thou, bid me come unto thee on the water. And he said, Come. And when Peter was come down out of the ship, he walked on the water to go to Jesus. But when he saw the wind boisterous he was afraid; and beginning to sink he cried saying, Lord, save me! And immediately Jesus stretched his hand and caught him, and said unto him, O thou of little faith, wherefore didst thou doubt?"

At one point the disciples asked Jesus why they could not cast the devil out of a lunatic child and he answered, "Because of your unbelief." He told them that if they had faith as small as a grain of mustard seed, they could order a mountain to move itself to another place, and it would. With just the tiniest grain of faith, nothing would be impossible. Jesus tried to teach us that our ability to believe that something is possible, indeed makes it possible. In quote after quote, he hammered the point home:

"And all things, whatsoever ye shall ask in prayer, believing, ye shall receive."

"If you can believe, all things are possible to him that believes."

"Verily, verily, I say unto you, He that believeth on me, the works that I do shall he do also; and greater works than these shall he do; because I go unto my Father."

He makes reference to "greater works than these" and indeed, today we are routinely performing great miracles though not in the same manner that he did. We resuscitate the dead, restore sight to the blind, and even reattach severed limbs or replace them with artificial ones. None of these miracles would be possible if a scientist or doctor had not first envisioned the concept, and then worked to make his vision a reality.

We Can't Handle the Truth

I've taken you through decades of intense fear, followed by new ways of looking at the aliens and what they might be doing here. Instead of killing me or grafting an ear onto my forehead, they had me solving puzzles, so the next question is whether I am still personally afraid.

Could I reach out my hand if I saw an alien standing next to me? Could I smile in a gesture of friendship? Would I willingly go to their ship to continue whatever we were doing up there? Would I welcome a powwow with an alien? Am I still afraid?

To start with the last question then yes, I am still very much afraid. I've tried to tell myself that I shouldn't be, as whatever they are doing has not yet killed me and I don't believe that my demise is their ultimate intention.

I've attempted to envision an alien standing next to me with the two of us engaged a friendly interchange. The truth is that I could not get past the eyes. My memories of their eyes are very disjointed. The memories are bits and pieces of screen memories such as the alien animals. Even so, I could still feel a glimmer of what you experience when looking into their eyes, and it reaches into the depths of your soul in a frightening way.

It is NOT the same as looking into the eyes of a panther, or spider, or bumble bee. If I look into the eyes of a bumble bee, I do not feel as if I'm being sucked into a black hole. For me the bumble bee is predictable and I know what to expect from him, stinger and all. He does not scare me.

Some earthly creatures do frighten me as I am not familiar enough with them to know what to expect. Late one night I encountered a possum on the fence. I'd always thought of possums as being slow moving creatures that minded their own business and got killed a lot.

This possum hissed at me like a cat and it startled me. I wasn't expecting it to hiss. I had no idea that possums could hiss. Where a cat hissing does not scare me, the hissing possum scared the bediddle out of me. Was he going to lunge at me? How far could he jump? I had no idea and thus, I was very afraid.

The eyes of the aliens are scary. It's as if their eyes are a living, swirling blackness of great power which functions as a doorway to another world. Stepping through the doorway into their eyes could plunge you into a hell beyond imagining, or it could open the door to a world of glowing golden sea oats.

Will the blackness lift away like a veil, exposing a different world? What sort of world would it be? Is it full of creatures waiting to pounce on you the moment you get there? Are there friends reaching out to take your hand and guide you? The unknown is scary as hell.

I want to be fearless. I want to reach out and attempt to connect and learn about them. I want to know what they are thinking. I want to talk to them. I want to glimpse their world and see what it's like there, as long as I can come back here to my own world without skipping a beat or losing health points.

Logically I believe that it is safe to reach out. Logic however, is not powerful enough to allow me to look into their eyes without fear. I don't think I could ever get past their eyes. Perhaps that's why they must mask their appearance with other images when we look at them. We cannot handle their truth.

Epilogue

In hindsight, I wish I'd been more detailed in my dream logs. I wish I'd described the shape, color, lights, and windows of the UFOs and attempted to draw them. I wish I'd been more detailed regarding the Skeleton Monster back when its face was still fresh in my mind. Today I would have described the ears or lack thereof, the nose, mouth, etc. Back then I was just a child who didn't attach any importance to the details other than how scary it was. Comparing it to a skeleton with spongy mushroom skin seemed pretty descriptive. I wish I remembered more about the mushroom skin, body shape, hands, fingers, and whether there was any clothing.

Imagine going back to an event that you experienced 20, 30, or 40 years ago and trying to describe a face or object that you saw. Whatever details I left out when I wrote it all down have long since left my conscious memory. In spite of how much is missing, the level of detail that does exist and the direction it all points in amazes me all these decades later.

I did not realize how many signs pointed to an ongoing, decades-long alien abduction scenario until I compiled it for this book. I believed that when the Whirlwind dreams ended, so did the visitations. Now that I've gathered all the pieces together, I do not believe that it ended until much later.

My husband, who has not yet read this, is aware of my beliefs and a couple of the reasons for them. He believes in UFOs and life on other worlds. He believes that the aliens have been visiting Earth for thousands of years. He may even believe in the possibility of abduction.

However, the suggestion that his wife might be among those people is surreal. You do not look at someone you personally know with the thought that they may have been taken up into a UFO by frightening alien beings who popped into their bedroom in the middle of the night, or lured them outdoors in order to snatch them. That it could really happen is just unthinkable.

For the skeptics who will read this, I do not expect to change your mind. I realized long ago that most adults are pretty set in their beliefs and I've yet to see anyone change their mind about a big subject. I've never personally known a Democrat/Republican/Libertarian who switched sides.

Those who love Obama, still do. Those who love Bush, still do. Ditto for religion. The devout believers, regardless of religion, rarely switch sides. They may debate with one another, each side hoping to sway the other, but it simply doesn't happen.

I fully expect the skeptics to hold tight to their skepticism. I haven't brought back an artifact from the great beyond or an alien body to dissect. Even if I had, it wouldn't matter as the government would confiscate the evidence and then cry "Hoax!" This book is for those who've walked the same scary trails that I have, haunted by creatures who follow you for a lifetime. Whether the creatures are real or imagined, and whether the events are dreams or memories, it does not matter. Your mind cannot tell the difference between a real event and a vividly imagined one. The end result to your psyche is the same. That's why using visualization to affect changes in your life is so successful, as with the Basketball Experiment.

If you are a believer, you'll see fragments of screen memories from an abductee. If you are a skeptic, you'll see what I saw for so many years - a child with a big imagination and an adult who experiences extremely vivid dreams. Either way, God help you if the dreams ever come and visit you...

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If you enjoyed reading *Alien Nightmares: Screen Memories of UFO Alien Abductions*, don't forget to leave a review on the site where it was purchased, and be sure to check out the non-fiction ancient alien series: Through the Wormhole.

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